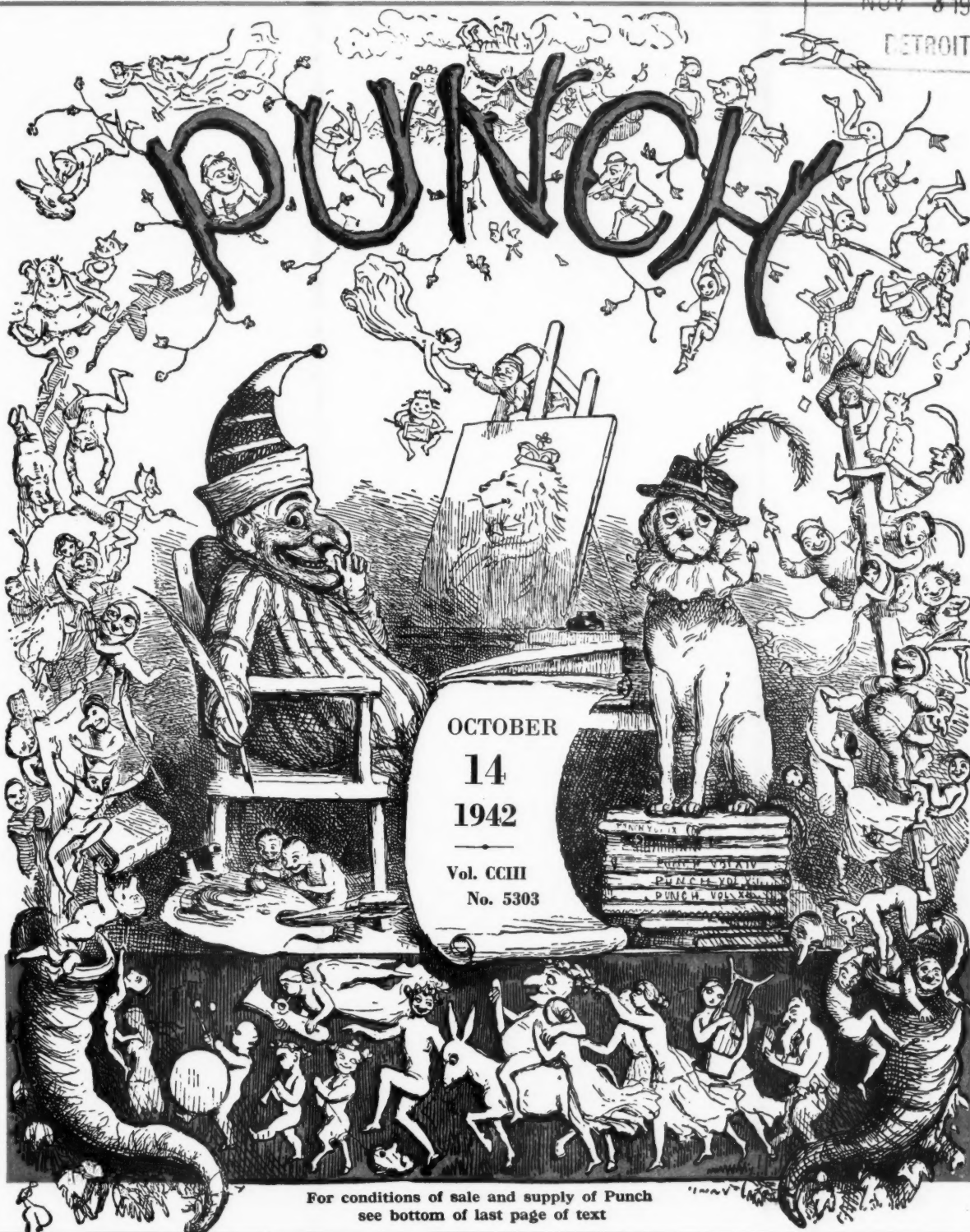


★ Remember **CADBURY** means quality

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DETROIT



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

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Keep your powder dry, but not your 'Baccy'!

As every Four Square smoker knows, keeping his tobacco in good condition is half the battle for a perfect smoke... and for a long-lasting one, which is important these days. Should you find your tobacco getting too dry, you can easily bring it back to the right condition in a few hours by putting a small piece of clean, damp blotting paper in pouch or tin.

One of the 'Seven Tobacco-Saving hints for pipe-smokers', obtainable from GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD. PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

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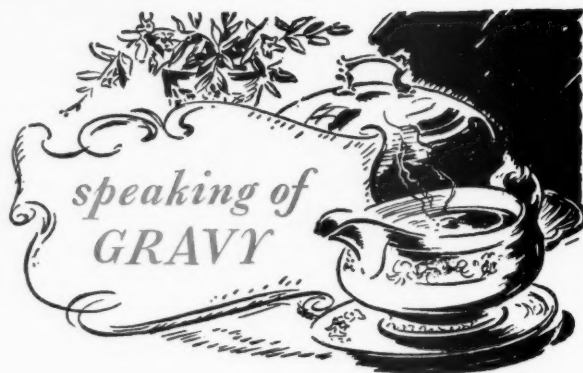
Pat. all countries

When we go back to gracious living, the TERRY ANGLEPOISE will resume its proper place in our homes... by cosy fire and bedside, in library corner, on bureau, desk and studio board... taking up any one of 1001 angles at a finger-touch, "staying put" in any position till needed, casting its gently diffused beam on the object, not in the user's eyes.

But we regret that, for the present, the general public can only look forward to this comfort, for the ANGLEPOISE is almost unobtainable nowadays. If you have one, treasure it... treat it well and it will serve you well.

Sole Makers: HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD., REDDITCH

The
TERRY
ANGLEPOISE LAMP



A Famous Gastronomer, writing in "Wine & Food," Summer Number 1942, has said:—

"To-day, when our roasts are nearly all bakes, the cook usually serves them with thickened gravy. She pours away from the baking tin all the fat except a dessertspoonful. To this she adds a dessertspoonful of flour or cornflour and mixes it over the fire until it is brown and smooth. Next, she pours in a half-pint of stock or water and stirs it till it boils. After a few minutes of simmering and a final skimming and seasoning the thick gravy is ready."

"In wartime," continues the writer, "we can imitate it by melting some meat dripping in a baking-tin and proceeding as above with flour and with stock made from two penny cubes of OXO."



COMES OF GOOD STOCK

Harmony



As in a symphony so also in the perfecting of a true Vermouth there must be the hand of the artist. Good Vermouth, whether it came from France, Italy or any other country, has always been produced from the blending of white wine with aromatic herbs and spices. That the creation of a great Vermouth calls for something more has long been recognised. To achieve real character and distinction there must be, as there is with Votrix, the inspiration of genius.

VERMOUTH VOTRIX

is produced at the Vine Products vintners in Surrey, but owing to the unavoidable war-time restriction of supplies you may often find it difficult to obtain. Votrix "Dry," bottle size 6/9. Votrix "Sweet", bottle size 6/3.



take a bath by all means...



It's fine to feel fresh; it's good to wash away the traces of toil and sweat; marvellous to be protected against germs. Yes, a bath is as good as a sea breeze any day . . .

but do take it with

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

1 tablet — 1 coupon.

7½d. per tablet (purchase tax included)



Most of us take 'the chemist' for granted. We go to him for advice and always receive kindly, skilled, attention: we take the doctor's prescription to him, knowing that it will be accurately dispensed. This faith in the chemist is fully justified, for he is a highly-trained expert and a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society. He is a most important part of the country's health organisation. As an expert he knows the value of the preparations which he sells over the counter.

For more than forty years
chemists have recommended

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Genasprin

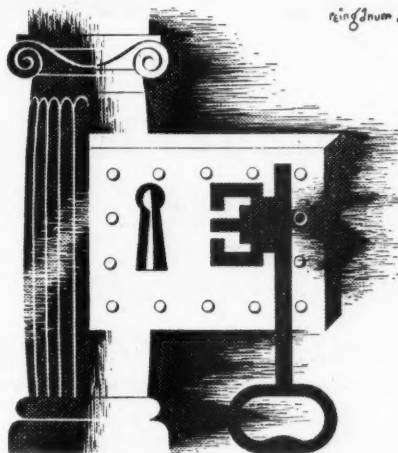
KILLS PAIN QUICKLY—
TIME IT!

DIVERSION

We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country *must* come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'Genasprin' and 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Genasprin' and 'Sanatogen'.

SANATOGEN

NERVE-TONIC FOOD



INTEGRITY

"To make electricity the still more ubiquitous and efficient servant of man; to devise and create new products and processes to that end . . . and by building with the determination to make performance live up to promise, Philips have striven always to keep faith with the public they serve."

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PHILIPS LAMPS LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2 (95B)

For neat appearance and the worthwhile qualities of strength and durability PATON'S BRITISH LACES are the best in the land.



A NATIONAL SAVING PATON'S SHOE & BOOT LACES FOR LASTING WEAR

FROM YOUR RETAILER—3d. to 6d. PER PAIR
WM. PATON LTD. JOHNSTONE SCOTLAND

Wills in War Time

Is the friend you appointed to be your executor now qualified or still willing to act? Have you reflected on the uncertainty of life in existing conditions? Your affairs might ultimately be dealt with by people whom you would not yourself have chosen.

Your executor should be available at whatever date his services may be required. He should possess the combined qualities of business experience and sound judgment which are provided by the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company.

Even though you may not be a customer, the manager of the Midland Bank's local branch will answer in confidence all questions you may put to him. He will outline the many advantages to be derived by appointing the Company, whose moderate fees are payable only when your estate is administered. Full particulars are obtainable on application.

**MIDLAND BANK
EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE
COMPANY LIMITED**

Head Office: Poultry, London, E.C.2

BALKAN SOBRANIE
CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS

The fill that fulfils

Your Balkan Sobranie—rich in promise of quiet hours of rest and recuperation. Its surname guarantees that performance will not fall below promise—that here is a pipe tobacco still of the authentic pre-war vintage, and, though supplies may sometimes be short, satisfaction is as full and as long as ever. *Balkan Sobranie is your calm cool answer to every anxiety—a long slow smoke and a peaceful aroma to ease the strain of war.*



SOBRANIE LTD LONDON, E.C.1

LOOK AFTER THOSE SUEDE SHOES

Coupons and higher prices make it a sad day when you have to superannuate your suede shoes, so it's good to know that Meltonian Suede Cleaner makes them stay young longer—and smarter.

Meltonian Suede Cleaner is the enemy of those shiny spots, and always keeps the suede soft and supple.

Use it regularly and you can be proud of your old shoes for a long time yet.

Meltonian Suede Cleaner

Use Meltonian White Cream for polished leather of any colour.



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

RADIO RECEIVERS AND
RADIO - GRAMOPHONES

INSTRUMENTS of FINE QUALITIES



Best British Brushes for every need

The
KENT-
COSBY

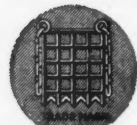
Allure
PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!



- PERFUME PAD
- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 222 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1



SEAGERS regret

the unavoidable shortage of supplies of their Products is causing disappointment—certainly the Products themselves have never been known to disappoint! Till easier days return, our best advice is the old motto: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."

SEAGERS

GIN - 22/6. EGG FLIP - 13/6.

COCKTAILS:

Super - 12/6. Full-strength 11/6

SEGA VIN - 10/6.

Supplied to the public through the Retail Trade ONLY.

SEAGER, EVANS & CO. LTD.

Distillers of Fine Gin for over 135 years



Sulis is a British Natural Mineral Water comparable both in mineral content and palate appeal to the German and French waters which are now practically unobtainable. This water is taken direct from the Springs at Bath, Britain's premier Spa, and sold in still or aerated form.

SULIS
The BRITISH
Mineral Water

from Wine Merchants, Grocers, Chemists,
or direct from The Springs, Stall Street,
Bath.

BY FAR
THE BEST
RONUK
SANITARY
POLISHES

*Working
longer
hours?*

Meet the added demand upon energy with nourishing HOVIS. It is rich in protein and fat and provides vitamins for building bodily tissues. When strength is taxed through longer hours...

Make it up with

HŌVIS

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield

CIVILIAN WAR RISKS

are normally covered

**WITHOUT
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CHARGE**

under new

**WITH-PROFIT
POLICIES**

effected with the

**SCOTTISH WIDOWS'
FUND**



Head Office:
9 St. Andrew Square
Edinburgh, 2

You are not there to help . . .



. . . but The Salvation Army is!

HOME life and the office seem worlds away. Ahead lie the training centre—radiolocation, the gun, the field kitchen . . . a new routine of service life. New associations have to be absorbed, homesickness conquered, private difficulties overcome. To whom can they turn? In whom can they confide?

The Red Shield Club is a homely place run by homely people. There they will find kindly, motherly folk, keen to help and advise.



Flowers, water-colours and other feminine touches abound. Friendliness prevails.

Thousands of girls in office, camp and barracks all over the country have learned the value of Red Shield Clubs. Hundreds more will as the Women's Services expand. You can help us to help them.

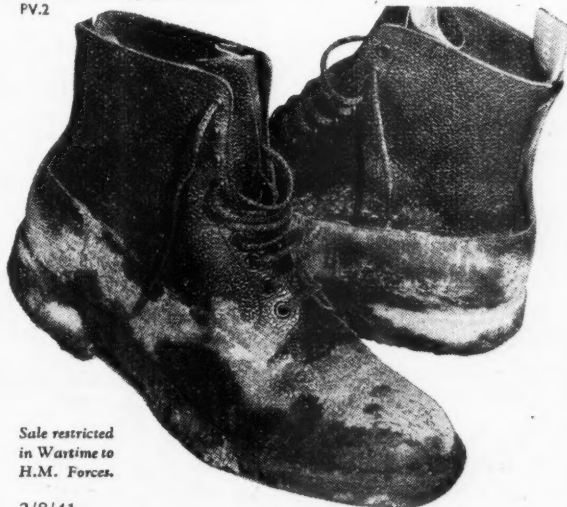
Please send your gifts to

General Carpenter
101, Queen Victoria Street
London, E.C.4

The Army that serves on every Front

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940.)

PV.2



Sale restricted
in Wartime to
H.M. Forces.

2/8/41.

I bought them during the last war, in 1917. They have served me loyally in various parts of the world whilst engaged in somewhat arduous duties in shipyards and dry-docks, on locomotive footplates, and on civil engineering contracts.

LOTUS

Veldtschoen

GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

SWAN PENS

For more than half a century the Swan has held undisputed sway over all fountain pens; it has a quality that must be kept true to tradition.

Owing to war-time conditions supplies are difficult. We are, however, doing our best and as our stocks become available they are distributed to our Dealers.

Please, therefore, continue to ask for Swan Pens and Swan Ink as your Dealer may receive his supply at any time.

SWAN INK

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD.

Head Office:
26 Donnington Square,
NEWBURY . . . BERKS



"No depression in this house," thanks to the nightly cup of Allenburys Diet. Delicious to take, this nourishing "Good-night" drink promotes sound sleep and all-day energy.

Allenburys Diet makes a delicious nightcap—or daytime pick-me-up. It costs 2/4 and 4/6 a tin, at Chemists.
Made by ALLEN & HANBURY LTD.
D 30 C



The Priceless Biscuit

It is an odd reflection that, if the 'points' be lacking, not all the wealth of Ophir will suffice to purchase a single Romary Biscuit. And in a topsy-turvy world, where the cost of excellence in the new currency of 'points' is no more than that of mediocrity, the best becomes more than ever desirable.

We, no less than you, regret that in some parts of the country wartime necessity makes it impossible for you to buy Romary Biscuits. To those more fortunately placed, we would say: Romary Biscuits are still the supreme example of the art of biscuit craftsmanship and today the need for 'points' lays an additional emphasis upon quality.

ROMARY'S
'Tunbridge Wells' Biscuits

(Registered Trade Mark)

brave new world..

We are fighting for a brave new world; it is equally true that we are fighting to preserve many good ways of life that we had brought to perfection in the days of peace.

Nigh on three generations have been delighted and sustained by the flavour, the nourishment, and the sheer quality of Heinz Pure Foods.

Stocks of Heinz are not so plentiful these days for obvious reasons. Foods of the "quality first" kind are not in bountiful supply and Authority has first claim upon Heinz products to feed the fighting Services and build the National Reserve.

So — let us be patient. In due time the wide delicious choice shall be ours again at will.

HEINZ
57
VARIETIES

SOUPS — BAKED BEANS — SPAGHETTI
SALAD CREAM AND MAYONNAISE



H. J. HEINZ CO. LTD., LONDON

Is this advertisement really necessary?

It may seem unnecessary to advertise a product which is so scarce in war time that you will seldom find it in the shops. But if this advertisement merely saves you from the disappointment which follows misunderstanding, it will have been well worth while.

"MORLANDS GLASTONBURY'S" ARE RARE for obvious reasons (how flying men appreciate the warmth of woolly sheepskin!); only a limited quantity of these sheepskin slippers and sheepskin-lined boots can now be made.

Please do not write to the makers. Your turn should come — if you have ordered. Distribution to retailers is being done fairly. Meantime, take all possible care of the Glastonburys you may have. Remember, they are for cold weather — not for rainy days. Don't "soak" them; don't "bake" them.



MORLANDS GLASTONBURY'S



A sheepskin slipper
with soft leather
sole and a cosy
turnover top.



A wartime ladies' ankle
boot — sheepskin lined.
Warm, serviceable
and neat.

**FIRTH
VICKERS
"STAYBRITE"**
SUPER STAINLESS STEEL

*Ideal table
equipment in
these servantless
days*



We are steelmakers and produce the steels from which these and other goods are fabricated. We ourselves do not manufacture the finished articles. Owing to the large demand, we are at present greatly restricted as regards the purposes for which these steels can be supplied.

FIRTH - VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD.



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIII No. 5303

October 14 1942

Charivaria

IN Berlin it has been officially denied that HIMMLER was dead. Still, it was generally recognized throughout the Reich that the news was good while it lasted.

"A stiff collar with points that dig into the neck always makes me swear," says a correspondent. This may give an indication of what GLADSTONE *did* say in '72.

A Rutlandshire man who lives alone states that he has smoked the same pipe for thirty-two years. That is probably why he lives alone.

"My husband recently won £3,400 in a football pool, and he wants to go into a business that will give him a run for his money," states a correspondent. He should take up poultry-keeping.



GOERING has bought a villa in Stockholm. We understand it has a large bay window to match.

"Try a cold breakfast," urges a writer. Method—come down late for it.

A Chinese astrologer predicts that HITLER will disappear very shortly. So the FUEHRER may have been right in saying that American aid would be too late!

The stage director of a current play in which there are three shootings is worried about the shortage of blank cartridges. Authors of future thrillers should remember to write in a more jugular vein.



A cricket umpire is refereeing football matches this winter. A centre-forward was exasperated when after each fruitless shot at goal the official signalled a wide.

Australian axemen competing in the Axemen's Carnival at Dumfries won the Ministry of Supply Cup from last year's winners. Stout fellers.

An enthusiastic card-player confesses that the lady who afterwards became his wife was presented to him during a whist drive at which she won the booby prize. Well, he said it.

Which reminds us that while the age of a tree can be told by the number of rings on the trunk, the age of a piano can be told by the number of rings on the lid denoting its years of cocktail parties.

"My tailor claims that he buys only the finest of cloth," says a correspondent. A good yarn.

"It was a happy thought to sandwich afternoon tea in the middle of the programme . . ."—*Local Paper*. Tastes differ.

A Japanese general says that the war may last a hundred years. Well, at least that would ensure a new Parliament here.



Beat this, Mr. Morrison!

"BEWARE! To touch these wires is instant death. Anyone found doing so will be prosecuted."

Notice on the electric switchboard of a Lincolnshire music-hall.

"When a man cannot look you straight in the face," says a clergyman, "he is dishonest." Or cross-eyed.

Femina Dux Facti

THE dispute about women fire-watchers in Liverpool reminds me that there is scarcely any trade or profession which (in my own opinion) women cannot follow as capably as men—so long as men permit them to do it.

Some time ago women were thought to be incapable of voting, but they proved by violence that this theory was untrue. There must always have been Amazons, and Deborah was not less renowned for prophecy than Dido for statesmanship, Delilah for hair-dressing, Jezebel for diplomacy and Sappho for song.

The Trade Unions doubtless exclude women from various employments in peace-time, but that may be the nation's loss. Women do not seem to have painted pictures so well as men, nor have been so effective as philosophers and conjurers as they have been as swimmers and saints. It may argue a lack of the highest imaginative faculties that there are not many female composers of music, promoters of companies, or house-agents. I have never met a female butcher, but even as I write comes the news that a female sword-swallower has been fined at Kansas City for hitting a fat lady over the head with a bottle. The fat lady was called Baby Betty. We honour not least among our monarchs Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria, and considering the short while that the career has been open to them women have done quite creditably on the stage. Women have frequently been Lord Mayors, their husbands acting, I understand, as Lady Mayoresses. I have a friend who believes that above the age of about fifty-five all Generals should be women, women after this age having usually better brains for practical affairs, a keener eye for detail and more cunning than men. It is a moot point, but I do believe, Portia notwithstanding, that women are not such good orators, even after dinner, as men. But this may be because for so many years they used to be sent out of the room after dessert. It is said that men knit, sew and cook better than women, but most women do these things better than I do—at present. Their novels are usually about five hundred words shorter than those of men, but that seems to me to be all to the good. The accusation that women do not understand wine does not, I am told, apply to the women of Belgium, and anyhow there is no wine left to be understood.

Whatever may be the failings of women in any walk of life, it is not physical strength they lack, or at least not the power to apply it wisely and well. If you doubt this you should look at the bound volume of the *Strand* for the year 1893. There you shall find, modestly told in her own words, the life-story of Miss Phyllis Bentley, who may be most simply described as the lifter of Emperors and Kings.

"Miss Phyllis Bentley" (runs the preamble), "is well known to the public by her clever exhibition of experiments in lifting and balancing. These experiments she had the honour of performing before many Crowned Heads of Europe, and in the following interesting article relates her experience of these Royal personages."

Indeed she does. "To say I was not a little anxious when I placed myself before the Czar, for him to essay the task of lifting me, would not be true; I was just a bit nervous, for there flashed across my memory the long record of the wonderful things he had accomplished, and of his alleged lack of gentleness where his purpose was thwarted."

The Czar, however, could not lift Miss Phyllis Bentley; she could and did, taking him by the elbows, lift him. Instructed by Miss Bentley the Czar subsequently lifted the (then) Princess of Wales. This happened exactly fifty years ago at the Danish Court during the celebration of the King and Queen of Denmark's Golden Wedding. Miss Bentley was quite frail and slight in appearance. Many people thought she had the gift of magnetism, but this was not so. It was all a matter of balance, she explains, and of dynamics correctly applied. There is a rather sweet photograph of her, and it is a pity, in some ways, that the other events recorded are illustrated not by photographs (which Court etiquette probably forbade) but are reconstructed by one of the artists of the *Strand Magazine*. A pity in some ways, but not in all. There is a delightful quality about the work of the old *Strand* artists which has gone from us never to be recovered. This one (Mr. John Gülick) portrays Prince George of Greece attempting to wrest a billiard-cue from the hands of Miss Phyllis Bentley. Prince George failed. The billiard-cue was broken. Miss Bentley retained one half. "The other half the young Grand Duke Michael of Russia kept, I believe, as a memento of 'Cousin George's' strength." And also, I suppose, of Miss Bentley's strength; for the Kings of Denmark and Roumania likewise failed to wrest a billiard-cue from Miss Bentley's delicate hands.

But the chair test, not the billiard-cue test, was Miss Bentley's *chef d'œuvre*, the chair test of which she says "It is an ordinary-looking chair, strong-built and painted black, and has been made famous from the fact that upon it I have lifted an Emperor, several Kings, Princes and other famous folk." An American millionaire tried to buy it. Miss Bentley refused his offer. She did well. "In the chair test," she writes, "everything depends upon how the chair is packed. I do not care how heavy the four or five men who sit upon it at one time really are, as long as they are properly balanced. If the balance is all right I take the chair on the swing and lift it (not merely tilt it) all four feet from off the ground. I do not grasp the sides of the chair with my hands, as I actually use no physical effort in the act of getting the chair with its living weight up; I merely, as I say, catch it on the swing and up it goes."

And then follows the final and, as I think, the most beautiful picture (would that I might reproduce it here!) under which is written:

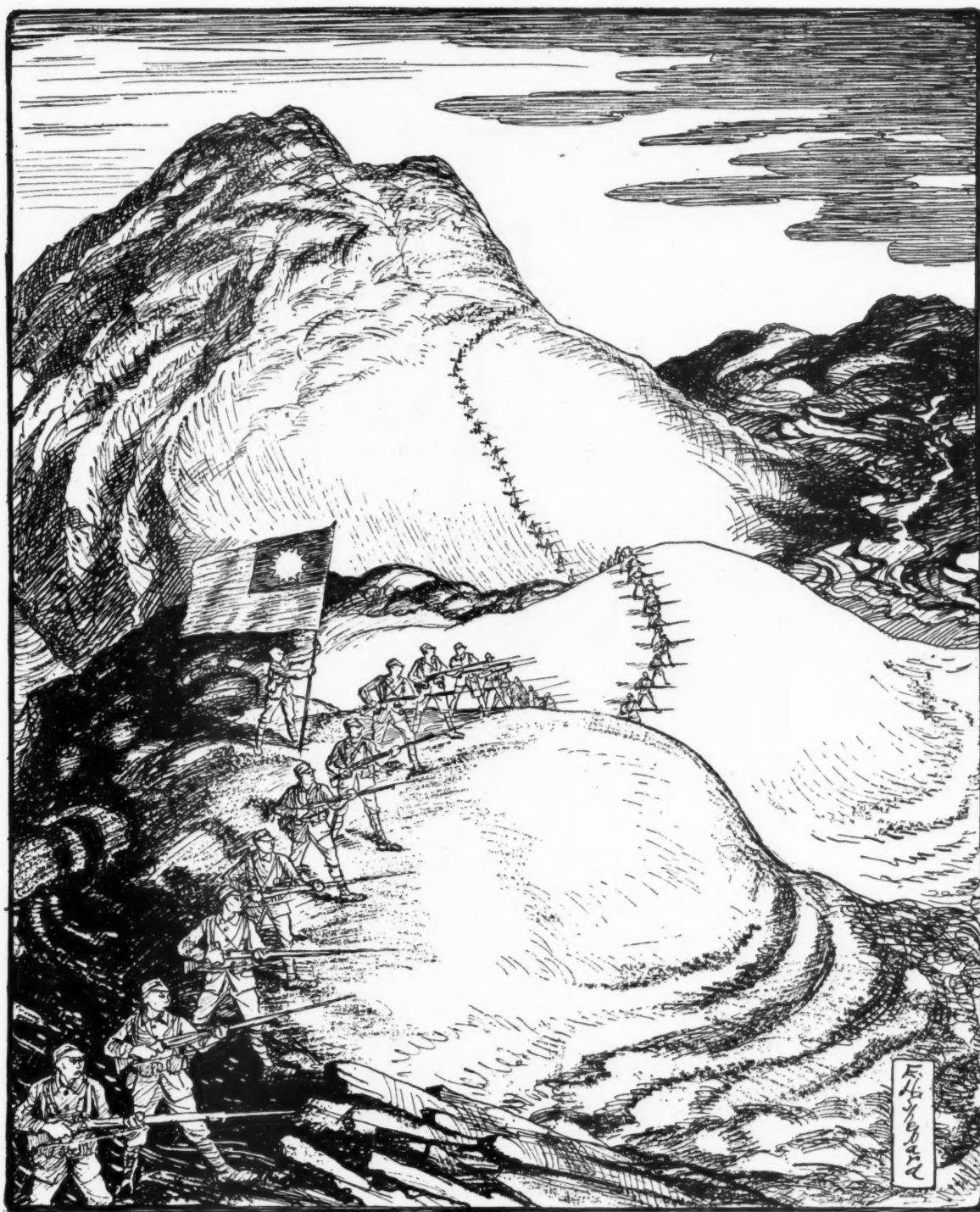
MISS BENTLEY LIFTING THE CZAR, THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK, PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE AND THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

The Czar is seated fair and square, the others are twined or poised in a more precarious and less dignified fashion on or round about him. They are all in evening-dress, with ribbons and stars. Miss Bentley, with high collar and leg-of-mutton sleeves, lightly touching the two back posts of the chair with the palms of her hands, has swung her illustrious cargo up a good foot from the floor.

Tamburlaine drove four Kings of Asia in a chariot, our own King Edgar was rowed upon the river Dee by seven kings. It was the work of a fragile English girl to raise from a palace carpet in 1892 the august bodies of a czar, two princes, and a royal duke, piled together on a single wooden chair.

And yet they wonder to-day (in Liverpool) whether women are capable of watching for and putting out, if need be, incendiary bombs.

EVOC.



THE GREATER WALL OF CHINA



"You mustn't ask me where my husband's regiment has been sent to, but I'm afraid he won't like it. Poor dear, he always hated curry!"

Captain's Cake

"CLICKETY-Click," called a parade-ground voice outside the open port-hole of my cabin. "Clickety-click," echoed a chorus of corporals, strung out on the perimeter of the ring of figures in topees and khaki drill, who squatted on the warm hard deck, some upholstering it with life-jackets. The lucky ones would be puncturing a hole and inserting a match-stick in the square on their cards numbered sixty-six.

I should by this time have known better than to attempt a post-luncheon nap on a Friday. There had been the usual weekly Pay Parade in the morning. By 1400 hours every inch of available deck-space was taken by some "school" engaged in the game described in Orders as "House" (with the aspirate). So I just lay on my

bunk and listened, lazily trying to decipher the cryptic numerology peculiar to "Ousey-Ousey."

"Royal Salute." That was twenty-one and soluble. Easy too was "Kelly's Eye"—the reference being apparently to some Cyclopean Manxman. "All the sevens" meant just two of them, while "Top of the Shop" in telephonese would be "naine-naine." A single nine on the other hand was "Doctor's Orders." Thirteen became, too obviously, "Unlucky," while "Tickety-Boo" stood duty for sixty-two.

At intervals a new voice intruded, with the cry "Full House!" The claim checked, the winner was paid out, new cards distributed, twopences collected, and the game began afresh. By common report the same ritual was being

performed simultaneously aboard every trooper in the large convoy. It continued all through the torrid afternoon, a soothing antidote to all thought of the Stuka which dove and the U-boat that rose. "Number Five!" outspoke the Sergeant, *allegro ma non troppo*. "Number Five!" repeated the Corporals *fortissimo*, like a kind of litany.

Rising first dog-watch they sprang on me a versicle or ejaculation that was new. "Captain's Cake!" came the surprising announcement, and the faithful echo was drowned in a howl of derisory cheers, from which I gathered that I was not the only one to find this numerical symbol unfamiliar.

I recalled seeing something in Orders last week about the Master of the ship offering weekly a cake to be won by the tidiest mess-table. On my way to

tea I glanced at the notice-board where they post wireless-bulletins and things. Orders for next day were already on view. One paragraph in them hit my eye. "The Captain's Cake is this week awarded to Mess No. 71. The Master of H.M. Transport *Pachyderm* congratulates all concerned on the neat and orderly appearance of their mess, and in this the O/C Troops desires to be associated with him."

So whenever "Ousey-Ousey" was played the number 71 came to be represented as "Captain's Cake," even though Mess No. 71 never repeated their success in subsequent weeks. Indeed they were careful not to. For the remainder of the voyage they were more intent on living down their triumph. Mess table 71 was part of the allotment of the Homeeshire Yeomanry, and the odium which the winning table inspired for itself inevitably shadowed the entire unit. Any man seen on deck wearing the flash of that fine regiment in his pith helmet was apt to be greeted with catcalls and caustic remarks about the Captain's Cake. If the vagaries of the ocean caused his step to falter, somebody was sure to ask him if he was doing the cake-walk. And all the time the unfortunate trooper might belong to Mess No. 68, who had actually been using their butter-dish as a sugar-basin, or to No. 73, whose orderly had emptied no fewer than four pieces of the Ministry of Shipping's cutlery down the scupper along with the washing-up water.

It is regrettable that envy had little to do with the ostracism which Mess No. 71 and, by affinity, all the Home-shires were forced to endure. Desirable as the Captain's Cake might be, there were limits beyond which most tables would not willingly go in their efforts to earn it. When, prior to the first award, the orderlies at Table 71 were observed scouring the interiors of dixies and mess-tins with metal-polish, it was felt that a route-march was being stolen. When an R.A.M.C. lance-corporal gave it as his considered opinion that this practice might, moreover, lead to food-poisoning, it was agreed that the Homeshires were not merely sneaks but criminals as well. None the less, other messes had to follow the lead. Though the troops had no buttons to clean, the ship's canteen experienced a run on button-polish. The job of mess orderly was now by no means a sinecure, because, if no one actually pined for the Cake, neither, in these low latitudes, did he relish the prospect of extra fatigues below deck.

By the time we docked, somewhere in the Middle East, the Cake joke

seemed to have worn rather crumby. But it was given a sensational exhumation. The rear baggage-parties left aboard were witnesses. A suborned native stevedore came up the gangway carrying a large cardboard box and inquired of the guard the way to the Captain's cabin. A little later the orderly officer, a subaltern in the Flintshire Fusiliers, was asked what he knew about it. "It" was a gigantic mound of dough surmounted by seventy-one used match-sticks, and "it" was accompanied by a label bearing the legend: "The Corporals and O/Rs of the 4th Homeeshire Yeomanry congratulate the Master of

H.M.T. *Pachyderm* on the neat and orderly appearance of his ship."

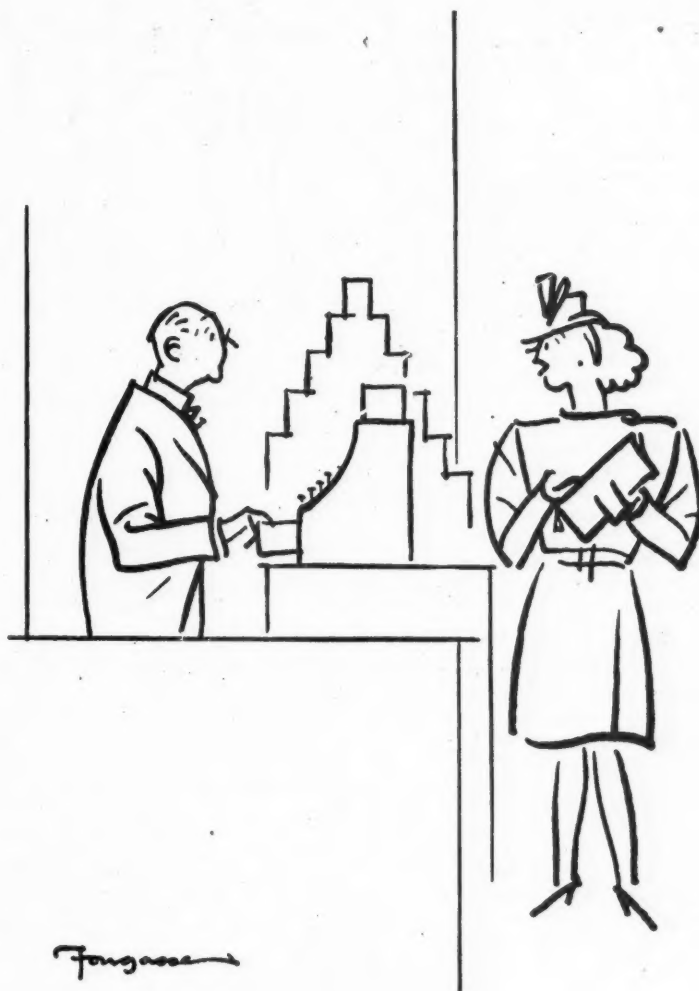
But the reverse of the label bore the address, only partly erased, of a unit of the R.A.S.C.

"BLOODHOUND IN CHILD HUNT
FOUND, PICKING BLACKBERRIES"
Daily Express.

A degenerate breed.

"FEWER GOLF BALLS"
Daily Telegraph.

So make those you have go further.



"But if there's going to be a shortage if people buy up more than they need, then surely the best thing I can do is to buy up as much as I can in case they do, isn't it?"

At the Pictures

"IN WHICH WE SERVE"
(GAUMONT AND
MARBLE ARCH)

It has taken some time for the author of *Easy Virtue* and *Bitter Sweet* to attune himself to the present mood of the country, but the greatest of his many talents has not failed him, and *In Which We Serve* is a faultless heroic drama. In addition to writing the script and the music, and producing and directing the film, Mr. NOEL COWARD plays the principal part, *Captain Edward Kinross*, a self-effacing man, of incisive speech and action, worshipped by his crew and as solicitous of their happiness as duty and discipline permit. The destroyer he commands is dive-bombed in the Battle of Crete, and as the survivors, wounded and machine-gunned, cling to the float we see the past through the memories of the Captain, the Chief Petty Officer (BERNARD MILES), and Ordinary Seaman *Shorty Blake* (JOHN MILLS). The differences in age and circumstances of the three men are nicely indicated by the nature of their memories. *Shorty Blake*, a carefree youth, remembers his recent courtship and marriage; his bride (KAY WALSH) is, of course, a poor girl, but young and lovely. *Walter Hardy*, the Chief Petty Officer, remembers his little home and the two women who live and quarrel in it, his loyal but worn and rather short-tempered wife (JOYCE CAREY) and her trying old mother. The wife of *Captain Kinross* (CELIA JOHNSON) is still young, but has two children; one of them a boy whom his father addresses, with brusque tenderness, as "Son." Her love for her husband and her ceaseless anxiety while he is at sea are hidden under a gracefully light manner, but flash out for a moment as she opens the telegram announcing that he is safe. She is the finest of the three wives, as her husband is the finest of the three men, but, like

her husband, unobtrusively. There is only one death among the three characters, the victim, killed in an air-raid, being *Mrs. Hardy*, the least

indispensable of the three wives, since she is neither a mother nor a youthful bride.

Technically, the film is a masterpiece, its theme makes it moving, and the intelligence put into it commands one's admiration.

"MY UNIVERSITIES"
(TATLER)

My Universities, a Soviet film, is based on MAXIM GORKY's Autobiography, and gives a vivid picture of GORKY's desperate struggle as a young man. The film opens with the arrival of *Gorky* (N. VALBERT) in Kazan. Too poor to become a student, he has to take a job in a bakery. The baker, *Semyonov* by name (S. KAYUKOV), a drunken bully who bribes the inspectors to turn a blind eye to the filth in which his men work and sleep, is nevertheless by no means unlikeable. He loves his pigs, and when one of his workmen poisons them the desolation of *Semyonov*, seated among their corpses, is quite heart-rending. It is indeed difficult not to sympathize with his exasperation against *Gorky*, who, though at first disliked by the other men because he reads serious

books, eventually unites them against their tyrant. *Semyonov* capitulates, there is a drunken revel, and one is left with the hope, if not the certainty, that his workmen will fill the place in *Semyonov's* heart once occupied by his pigs. After *Semyonov* has been settled, the film becomes rather desultory. A demonstration organized by the students is dispersed by the Tsarist police, and *Gorky* tries to commit suicide. His fellow-workmen at the bakery, in an unconvincing scene, call on him in hospital and give him new courage. Presently he is wandering by the sea, and falls in with a procession of starving peasants on their way to the city to find food. Picking up a new-born baby, he holds it over the rolling breakers. "Yell, assert yourself!" he shouts. "Yell, you new dweller in the Russian land!" The baby, naturally enough, yells. H. K.



[In Which We Serve]

SPEECH DAYS IN THE SILENT SERVICE

Captain "D" NOEL COWARD



[My Universities]

A PETTING PARTY

Semyonov S. KAYUKOV

Saluting As It Shouldn't

III

CARRYING on with my analysis of Saluting As It Shouldn't—last week, if you remember, I dealt with the Salute Ignorant and the Salute Courteous—I'll leave the Salute Obsequious till later and discuss this week the Salute Devastating.

This may occur in several ways, but the following is a good example. A young and rather new soldier, laden with rifle, pack, haversack, gas-mask, in fact the whole blooming Christmas-tree, plus kit-bag, is drifting aimlessly about the burrows of the Underground trying to find the way to King's Cross—it always is King's Cross. Turning a corner he suddenly meets a full-blown General.

Now Generals have not so far entered into his brief military career to any great extent, but the iron of discipline has entered into his soul, and all that red and gold, he feels, is definitely Big Stuff. He recalls the admonitions of his not-so-distant recruit course—"Thumper! What did your sergeant say about meeting an officer?" and realizes a salute is very obviously indicated, particularly for such a Very Rare Officer as this. The suddenness of the encounter doesn't give the wretched lad time to realize further that salutes are not welcome in crowded tubes. So he salutes—something after this way. He drops his kit-bag—on the foot of a man following behind—and begins to salute with the right hand, at which point his rifle slung over his right shoulder starts to slide off. This recalls to him that he mustn't salute with the hand when carrying a rifle, so he tries to unsling it with the laudable idea of sloping it and saluting with it—though even now an awful suspicion is crossing his mind that Generals really should have a "present arms." However, before he gets very far the rifle is thoroughly entangled with both his gas-mask and his haversack, and the piling swivel is hooked up in his left breast pocket. He hastily decides to give up the saluting-with-rifle idea and just get it slung on his left shoulder so that he can salute with his right hand.

Even this proves to be impracticable, for by now the rifle, intricately tied up with his clothing and equipment, is about as movable as a five-ton anchor wedged in a coral reef; while severe tugs seem only likely to disintegrate him altogether as a unit of the Forces. Moreover, the butt has hit a man next him on the elbow, who has several

things to say about it; a crowd has piled up in front and behind; and the embarrassed General, in trying to escape the imminent carnage, has fallen over the kit-bag. . . . Well, one needn't go on, but that's a fair specimen of the Salute Devastating. And all because a young recruit remembered—at the wrong time—what he'd been taught at his drill-sergeant's knee.

THE SALUTE INESCAPABLE

For some reason this is indulged in more frequently by the Navy than the other Services. Maybe it's that brotherhood-of-the-seas feeling; but anyway it's generally a sailor and nearly always a first day on shore leave—with, as Kipling puts it, all that that implies. It goes something like this:

A matelot, obviously very happy, is tacking amiably along the pavement when he sees a naval officer approaching him. Now a soldier or airman in similar circumstances would, if he had any sense, take avoiding action at this point by setting a course down a side street, but the sailor is having no truck with things like sense on his first day ashore. He decides to go through with it and salute this officer.

And after all, he tells himself as he considers the matter more deeply, it's not a question of his *deciding* to salute. He damn well *has* to salute. This officer is an officer, and it's the regulations. Moreover, he's proud to salute any naval officer: all brothers under the skin, all sailors under the gold braid. . . .

At this point the officer, who has had a weather eye on the situation, decides tactfully to look in a shop window till the matelot has passed. The latter, however, having made up his mind he has to salute, is not going to be put off by subterfuge. And it's no longer a question of *having* to salute. Why, he *wants* to salute.

So he also stops and looks in a shop window till the other is ready to move on. It's a privilege to salute such a nice naval officer as this naval officer evidently is. Fine type! Born leader! Never served under a better! (Not that he's ever served under him at all, but he's now got around to thinking that way.)

Catching sight of his reflection in the window, he is taken a little aback. Who is this sloppy-looking son of a sea-cook? Disgrace to the Service! That cap on the back of the head, that over-blown quiff of hair. Can't salute an officer looking like that.

He immediately embarks on a hasty toilet to make himself fit for the impending ceremony, and on finishing looks up to see that the officer, finding the shop-window gambit ignored, has apparently changed his mind and is now walking off the other way. . . .

Here, this won't do at all, thinks the sailor. This officer is due for his salute, one of the very best salutes, and now he won't get it. He toys with the idea of calling him back to be saluted, luckily thinks better of it, and sets off in pursuit.

The officer, who has had experience of affable sailors on leave and doesn't want any trouble, rings down to the engine-room for a full head of steam and whips up several more knots. The sailor does the same—a trifle indignantly. He's decided to salute this officer; this officer is entitled to a salute; this officer has damn well got to have a salute.

So off they go down turnings, across roads, in shops one way and out another, the officer dodging and twisting—but the result is inevitable. Sooner or later he'll have to give in, turn and walk past his pursuer and get it over with. Slightly out of breath but with an air of respectful triumph, the matelot will then salute him and with any luck won't be able to think of a few welcoming words to go with it before the other is out of ear-shot. If the officer had been more experienced he would have gone through with it in the first place, for it's the Salute Inescapable and there's no dodging it—unless he takes a taxi.

And even then the sailor is quite capable of getting in at one door, saluting him and getting out at the other.

A. A.

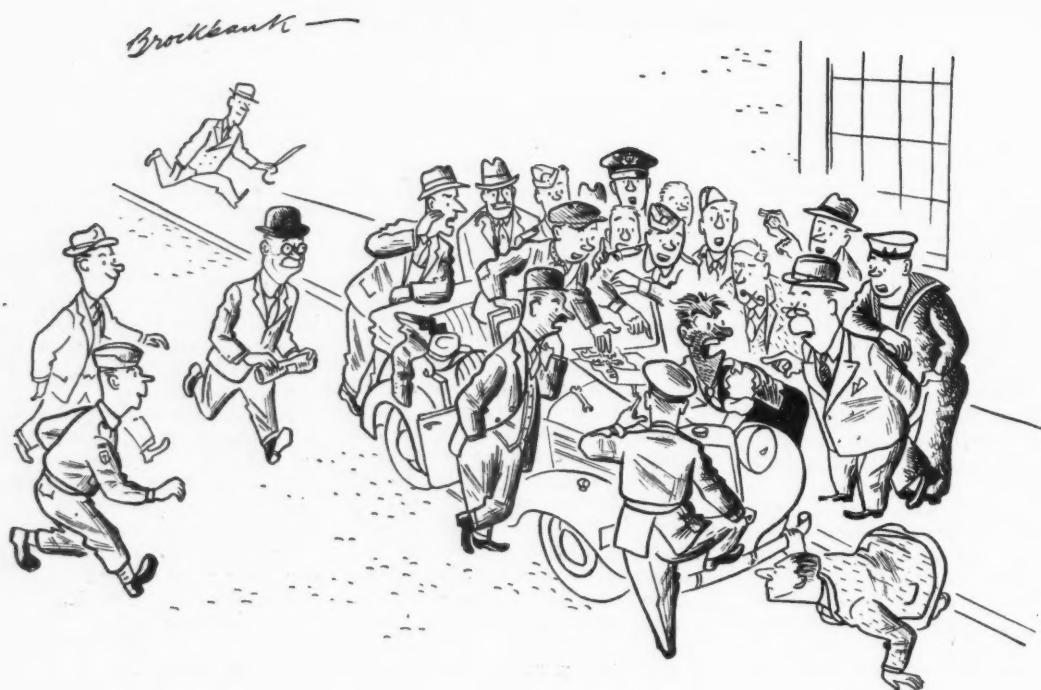
Home Forces

WE hear the bombers going out
That head at night across the
the sea

And we are left—oh, do not doubt
We shall be with you presently.

Watching from the shores we guard
We see the Navy steaming by,
Oh, think of us, the evil-starred,
Inactive—yet our day is nigh.

O gallant comrades of the air,
O comrades of the dangerous deep,
The clock ticks on, we shall be there,
We wait the word, we do not sleep.



"... All right—all right—I know."

H. J. Talking

I SUPPOSE that few men have had so much to do with statues of Ruskin as I have. When I was a boy there was one in the garden: it had originally been of Pan blowing tunes at the scenery. My father had a plaque made which said it was Ruskin as this was cheaper than buying a new statue and also made it more interesting than statues usually are. There was another outside my bedroom window when I was living in lodgings trying to get broken in before my marriage. It was a large statue in chalk, that being the local stone, and had suffered by children breaking off the features and using them to write rude words on the plinth. Then, while I was on a walking tour a stranger came up to me and gave me a rubber statue of Ruskin, this being really an advertisement for a firm which made all kinds of things in rubber. Lastly, as part of her dowry my wife's people clubbed together to buy her a statue of Ruskin, but being very poor could not afford it all at once so got it from a firm which sold them in sections, and it was eight years before we had all Ruskin in the drawing-room. We usually gave a party whenever we fitted on a new arm or leg. I also acquired some relics of Ruskin, including his tambourine and a kind of parachute he wore when examining the tops of architecture.

You might almost say that the arts are in my blood, and all in all we are a very elevating family to visit. B. Smith, when not about his solar biology, is frequently about his murals, which line the house continuously from the loft to the hall. They illustrate scenes from British history in the nineteenth century. The history that B. Smith learnt at

school being mostly economic history there are no battles, but only things like "The Passing of the Bank Charter Act" and "Sir William Harcourt explaining Death Duties to the Cabinet." What makes these murals very striking is that the characters are all in the nude, that being how B. Smith was taught art. My wife goes in more for topiary, and at the moment our front hedge is in the shape of a hen, Clark Gable and another hen. For my own part I do not stop at collecting relics of Ruskin but paint problem pictures, and these are thought to be very puzzling indeed, one such being a picture of two eagles, and the title is "Where has Jessica gone?"—Jessica being the name of the third eagle.

When we were married my wife was most anxious that things should at least start well, and she wrote the account for the local paper herself. It was a very long account but being the slack season they printed it all. After a few remarks on the architecture of the church, which she got from the guide-book, and on the bridegroom, over whom she skated lightly, she devoted most of her space to a description of the bride, who, she said, was a gay winsome girl, aglitter with waggish charm and a rare one for winning hearts, though she rather spoilt it all by insisting on adding what a good cab-driver she had been and would be again if it came to it. She had great difficulty in choosing bridesmaids as she wished her looks to be set off by comparison with theirs. She finally selected two of her aunts and dressed them in black satin and large purple hats. One hitch at this wedding was caused by my wife's family, who were so

THANK YOU

AN Officer in charge of a Comforts Depot to whom we have been able to send supplies of our wool writes:

"In a letter it is difficult for me adequately to express my gratitude for the valuable help you give us, thus enabling further supplies of knitted comforts to be dispatched to the soldiers overseas.

"I wish I were in the position to be able to thank personally all the supporters of your Fund, for I am most grateful for this aid to our work."

We also tender our thanks to all Subscribers, and in doing so beg them to continue their most valuable help by sending Donations which will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

uneducated that they cooked the rice before they threw it, and the confetti in with it, and when we came out of the church we found two lines of them each digging into a pie-dish with a spoon.

One trouble with my wife is that she tries to capitalize my scientific reputation, and once advertised herself to give elementary lectures on my discoveries to Women's Institutes. They would begin all right, but after a few minutes she would get worked up about how much more money I should have made if I had been a Chartered Accountant, and would make low innuendos about me, among such being that my favourite food was cod-sandwiches, and that I frequently confused King and Edward Lear. B. Smith used sometimes to go to these lectures and put her off with such heckles as "What about the Bank Rate?" or "Justice for Scotland." Some people thought she could get an injunction against him, but others advised allure, which she tried by wearing a backless gown, this merely giving him the opportunity to post on her a small bill advertising artificial fertilisers.

It is at this point that I shall insert a fairly profound observation, this being that while love is closely connected with hate the converse is not true; such remarks as "vice versa" would not be made by careful thinkers in this connection. As a scientist I now, of course, produce evidence, this being that I have hated several people but at no time have wanted to kiss them or to be shined on by the moon in their company, such procedures being generally considered lovesome in the extreme. When I hate I do it thoroughly, and a deadly hater I am often thought to be, owing to the habit of expressing my feelings with various hostile kinds of science—for example, my invention of Expanding Port. A bottle is sent as an anonymous present and each glassful increases to thirty times its size as soon as drunk. It also leaves an after-taste of stewed tea, though this is a happy accident, and not really part of the invention.

I understand hating pretty well but what I cannot master is disdain, though as it seems so usual it must be easy. Curling my lip makes my moustache tickle my nose, this causing me to sneeze and to lose poise; sniffs make my wife treat me for colds, and her method of so doing is what she calls "Homœopathic" and consists of dropping cubes of ice down my neck. Some disdainers rely on a laugh, but it must be some special kind of laugh, for I know of only two within my range, one being very loud and boisterous,

which bursts the buttons from my waistcoat, again causing loss of poise, while the other is silent and would not be noticed unless I drew attention to it by flicking my fingers and pointing.

The Patriot

THE green curve of that lost hillside
Is held for ever in his eyes,
The bay where his boat used to ride
Under unruffled skies;

The beach where he would trim his nets
Down but a stone's-throw from his door:
The exile least of all forgets
The things he once lived for.

And when his body brings him sleep
His constant eyes must always see
That green hill pied with woolly sheep
Just as it used to be.

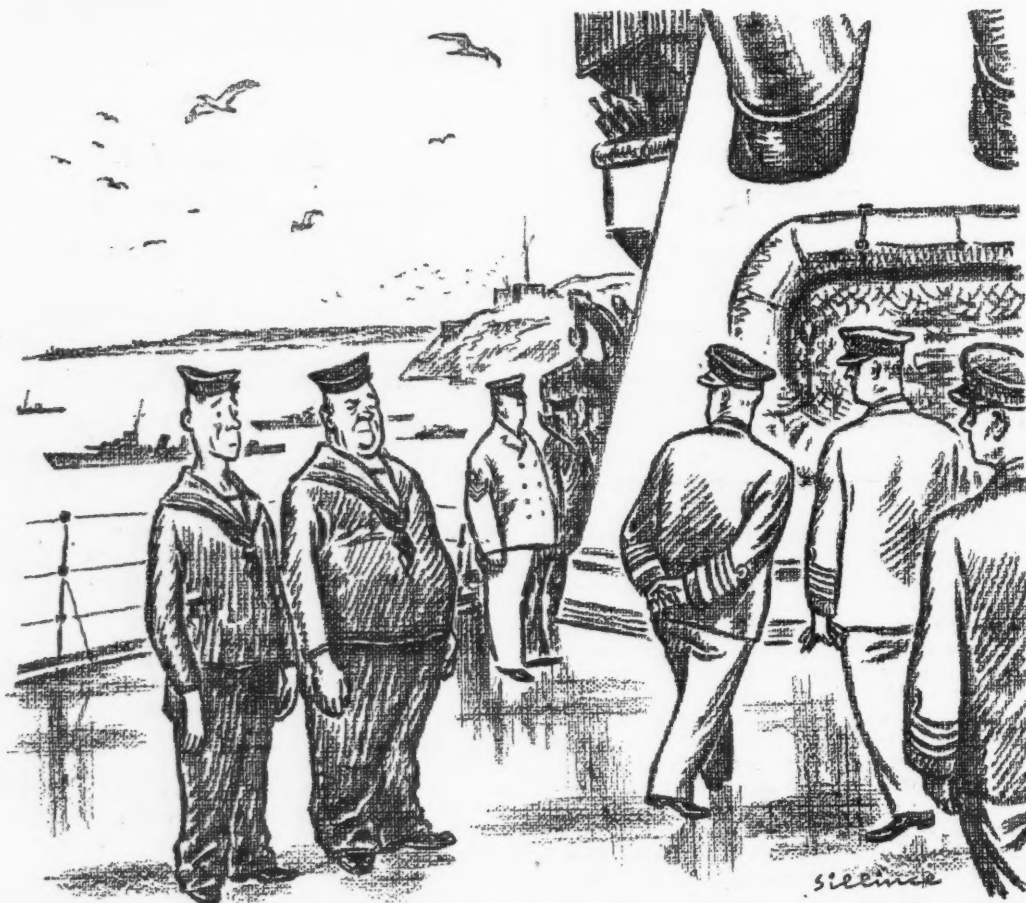
Then waking wildly, an old pain
Turns all to fire his sturdy heart;
For strength to seize his land again
He plays the panther's part.

And when at the appointed dawn
He in his silent thousands slides
Like shadows on the sea-swell, borne
Now coastward with the tides,

There will be none who can withstand
The patriot's swift unswerving path,
When on the beaches of his land
There wakes the day of wrath.



"O. K.—all in order. Enjoying your leave?"



"Don't take it to 'eart—these perishin' admirals are all the same when they're given a little bit of authority."

Ballade of a Gratifying Achievement

THEY said that I had lost my grip,
They said that I was three parts
dead.

I found no joy in comradeship.

I threw away my mail unread.

But, ah, to-day my languors fled,
To-day I had a bit of fun.

My anxious friends may go ahead.
To-day I fired a Tommy gun.

Three years since Superman let slip
The dogs of war . . . still rawly
red

The future gapes. . . I curve my lip.
I shall (as somebody once said)
Go down with reluctant tread

Rose-crowned into the darkness . . . Hun!

Get this into your punch-drunk head:
To-day I fired a Tommy gun.

I held it fairly at my hip,

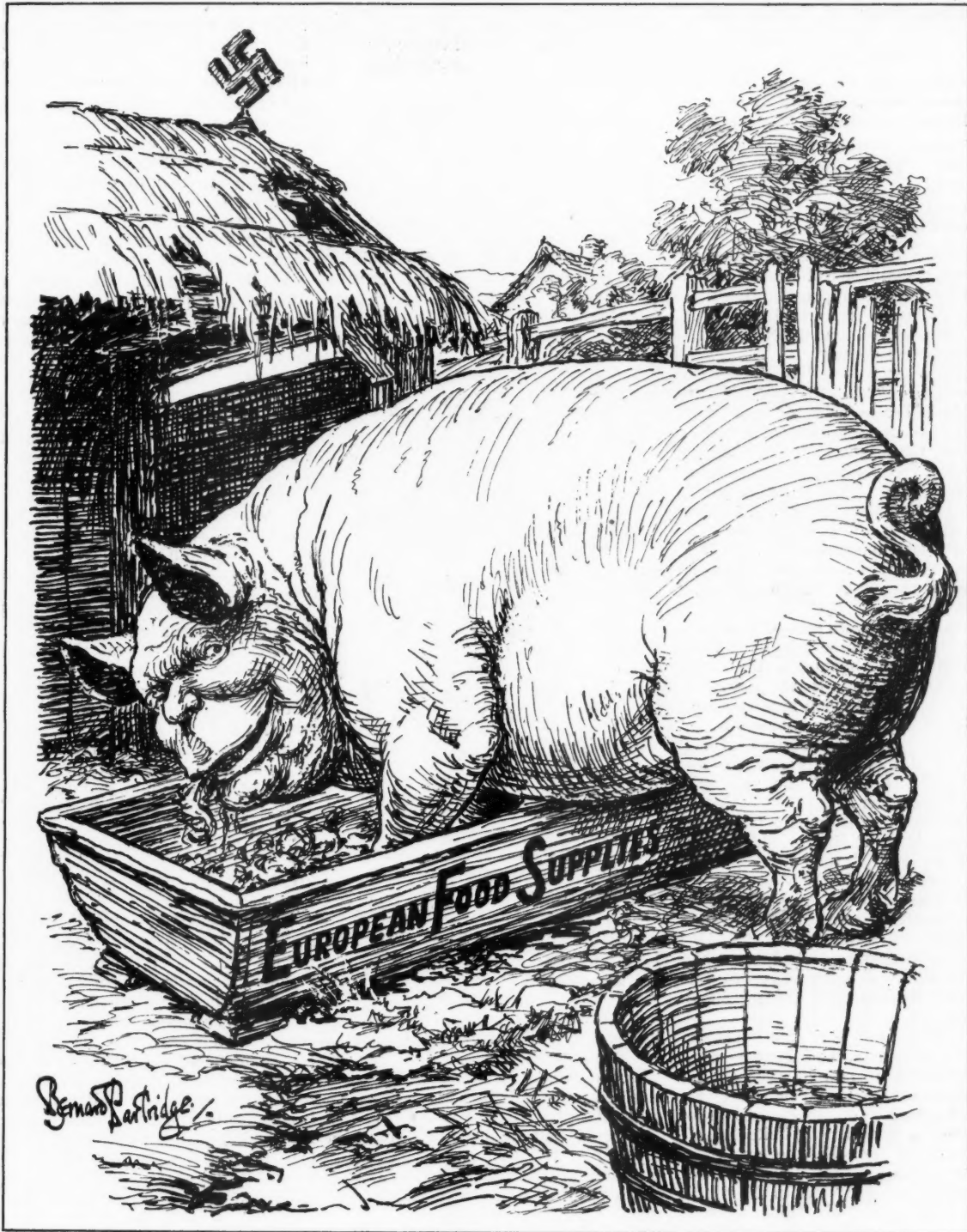
A figure (as I trust) of dread.
I drew a breath and then let rip
A lovely fusillade of lead.

The sergeant groaned—"One shot, I said!"
Too bad my magazine was done.

I laughed. I had no tears to shed,
For I had fired a Tommy gun.

My shots all missed (*I thought so.*—ED.),
The target mocked me in the sun.

But rapt this night I go to bed . . .
To-day I fired a Tommy gun.



GOERING UEBER ALLES

"What's the matter? Surely we have plenty to eat."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, October 6th.—House of Lords: Defends an Englishman's House.

House of Commons: More on Fuel.

Wednesday, October 7th.—House of Lords: Justice Casts Its Shadow Before.

Thursday, October 8th.—House of Commons: Debate on India.

Tuesday, October 6th.—Mr. ERNEST BROWN, our Minister of Health, issued to M.P.s to-day a report showing that Britain's health is as good as ever it was. It declared that infectious complaints are decreasing.

Yet as soon as the House of Commons assembled, Miss IRENE WARD exhibited severe symptoms of that highly virulent disease known to Parliamentary physicians as *Delabereitis*.

Its first victim (or founder, or patron, or inventor), Mr. RUPERT DE LA BERE, M.P., made himself medically famous by emitting a series of slogans: "Is this not *very* unsatisfactory?" "This matter cannot be dismissed *lightly*; indeed, it cannot be dismissed *at all*," and so on.

These slogans were uttered in a tone of great and bitter severity, but with an underlying blandness that endeared their utterer to the hearts of all who love good clean harmless fun. His latest anti-Press sentiments have, unhappily, recently led some of his fellow-legislators to pronounce his name "*Dai ly Bore*," but he will doubtless recover.

For him there is hope. Over the (presumably) un-immunized Miss IRENE WARD many shook their heads a little sadly. Women Members are apt to catch these things rather badly. Doctors like Sir HENRY MORRIS-JONES, Sir FRANCIS FREMANTLE and Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL looked anxiously at Miss WARD as she rose to face Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, imperturbable Pensions Minister.

Thrusting out her chin, leaning forward ominously, shouting raspingly, she demanded to be told whether the Government was in favour of wives having equality or not. And (she announced, in a perfect imitation of admiring—or possibly jealous—Mr. DE LA BERE, sitting opposite) she wanted an answer, "Yes or No."

For some reason the House seemed to find this ferocity funny. Perhaps because it does not fit in with the somewhat exotic fashions and coiffure Miss WARD affects. The more the House laughed, the more Miss WARD

fumed, and it took Mr. Speaker's soothing skill, finally, to give her the necessary anaesthetic.

Question-time was otherwise mainly notable for these contributions to Modern Thought:

"*It is not practicable to secure self-denial by compulsion.*"—Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"*Damage to the extent of £70,000 in Glasgow air-raid shelters is due to the natural ebullience of youth.*"—Mr. TOM JOHNSTON, Secretary for Scotland.

So now we know.

Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, leading the Opposition, asked the PRIME MINISTER to enlarge on a statement

speech, the burden of which was that (as in so many other things) the advice of the last war should be reversed and the true patriot should extinguish or, better still, never light the home fires. The duller glowed the fires of drawing-rooms, said he, the brighter glowed the fires of hope of Victory.

Mr. SHINWELL and others saw no reason why *both* fires should not glow, since we are rich in coal. A little strangely, though, Mr. SHINWELL wanted these riches rationed—a plan Sir GEOFFREY SHAKESPEARE thought "the country would not stand for."

Vainly crying for the moon, as Authority appears to think, most Members put in a plea that more ex-miners should be released from the Services and other industry to hew more coal from the earth. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, replying for the Government, dealt summarily with this attractive proposal by announcing that still more miners would probably be wanted for the Forces.

Mr. SHINWELL, clearly a little shaken by these Combined Ops. tactics, announced that more would be heard on the subject of coal—later.

Major LLOYD GEORGE looked as one who (with strict Parliamentary propriety) should say "The Honourable Member is informing me!"

Lord BLEDISLOE, in the Lords, complained that Ministry of Food officials had invaded the house of a County Deputy-Lieutenant in a vain search for illicit stores of food. All this, he pointed out, on the strength of "undisclosed information." Even in a war for freedom, said the noble Lord pointedly, an Englishman's home was still his castle, and even a little brief but despotic authority should not be allowed to override or obscure that all-important and age-long fact.

Lord WOOLTON, Food Minister, assured their Lordships that his respect for the sanctity of the home was as great as anyone's, even if his respect for the sanctity of Defence of the Realm Regulations was just as great. In this case, said the Minister, to the manifest astonishment of the House, the victim ought to be grateful to him for the chance to demonstrate his complete and utter innocence of food-hoarding.

Confessing that he was not happy about it, Lord BLEDISLOE (having confided to the House that there is a war on!) dropped the subject. Lord WOOLTON, with the warmth, and something of the histrionic sense, of the prizefighter, instantly seized his erstwhile opponent by the hand, and they "shook" heartily.



"Let us grasp the situation,
Solve the complicated plot—
Quiet, calm deliberation
Disentangles every knot."

The Gondoliers.

["All requirements could be met with more direction, forethought and vigour."—*Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare in the debate on the Coal Situation.*]

by Mr. STALIN, Russia's Premier, regretting the absence of that elusive "Second Front." In vain, however, is so ill-camouflaged a net spread in the sight of so wily a bird as our PRIME MINISTER, and he had "nothing to say." Nor did the more artfully laid bird-line of other Members have any greater success, and the Second Front remains the First Mystery.

Coal claimed the attention of the House for the rest of the day, and Major LLOYD GEORGE, Fuel Minister, made another informative, good-humoured, but not very cheering



“. . . and don't stooge around too close to the sun.”

Wednesday, October 7th.—Distinctly one up to cheery Mr. WILLIE GALLACHER, who (to the manifest astonishment of the Conservatives) contrives to combine with his Communist views a lively and elfin sense of humour.

His victim to-day (who enjoyed the joke as hugely as we all did) was Mr. OLIVER LYTTTELTON, Minister of Production, who, in a moment of eloquence, eighty days ago, prophesied all sorts of unspecified things at the end of eighty days.

Mr. GALLACHER to-day asked some innocent-looking question of Mr. LYTTTELTON, received an equally innocuous reply.

The Parliamentary Communist Party leapt to his feet and with grave correctitude announced that owing to the unsatisfactory nature of the reply he intended to raise the matter on the adjournment . . . within the next eighty days.

The roar of laughter this “crack” justly earned would have pleased the most egotistical of professional comedians.

Government contracts, a complicated and abstruse subject, claimed the attention of the Commons for the rest of the day.

Their Lordships discussed the fate, at the bar of justice, of those guilty of war crimes. Lord MAUGHAM wanted to be sure that, this time, retribution would be swift and sure, and that no one who merited punishment should escape.

Lord SIMON, in his wig and gown, the very embodiment of the majesty of British justice, promised that the handing over of war criminals should be an armistice term, and not a long-delayed clause of the Peace Treaty, to ensure that those guilty should be shown, beyond a doubt, that crime does not, indeed, pay. All the United Nations' governments were agreed on this.

Up in the Diplomats' Gallery sat

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

the representatives of many of the oppressed nations, the light of hope in their sad eyes.

Thursday, October 8th.—India was again the subject of debate to-day, with earnest Mr. LEOPOLD AMERY, Secretary of State for India, telling the distressful story of trouble and strife.

Yet there seemed, through it all, to run a note of hope for the future.

o o

Hot Work

“I watched a weathered sailing vessel steam in proudly.—*Daily Paper*.”

o o

“We were school boys together, and I shall never forget the happy time we had paddling in the clear streams, bird's nesting, nutting, and other pastimes—we were in fact dubbed ‘David and Absalom.’”

Rugeley Mercury.

Why not “Saul and Jonathan”?

A Letter from Colombo

DEAR —, To-day at last we managed to get hold of some horses, because the racing has stopped. It is much cheaper than in England, even though we are riding thoroughbred race-horses. Lack of demand, I suppose.

The coach I had to-day did not speak "moch Englis."

He said "You ride before, yes?"

"No."

"I give you one very quiet race-horse we have quietened since one month when racing she stop, no?"

I said "Thank you very much" with a grateful heart. He took me along to a stall where a wild beast was tethered by about six grappling-ropes fastened to the sharp or forrard end. (I'm sorry, but I don't know any technical terms for horses.)

This apparent rodent-cum-carnivore was just finishing off his second plank from the door when we arrived, and on seeing me literally snorted with scorn and started etching his chops free from splinters.

Presently they found the syce, who was hiding, and ordered the poor fellow into the same enclosed space as the beast. After a time you could not see a thing for splinters falling from the monster's mouth. The coach said "O.K. sar, you mount now, yes?"

I blanched, but remembering the prestige of the Sahib and quenching a half-muttered "No," I risked it.

I clambered on in the orthodox style, they cast off the mooring-ropes, and we charged out into the sweet light of day, where I was enormously relieved to find that the syce still had the animal (in actual fact a horse, I was glad to see) by a short tow-rope fastened to the prow.

After this the horse and I were towed round a circular ride. I can only hope that my reluctance was not so noticeable as the horse's.

After having done this for three circuits the coach said "You have feel of him, yes?" I replied "No, him feel very odd but no doubt him got me weighed up O.K., no?"

As no one else seemed to enjoy this unprecedented sample of wit I laughed myself. Horse, him look round and snarl at me.

To appease the beast I started frantically patting his neck with a hand I found not in use.

The coach then did a trot to show me how easy it really was and said "You do same like that now, yes?"

"No, but I'll try anything once." (Very brave when standing on flat feet, you see.)

Then started the most amazing performance, which felt odder and odder as time went on, while I was gradually shaken to pieces, without a single soul trying to save me.

After an eternity we stopped, and I saw to my relief that the syce was still on the end of the tow-rope, I was still on the horse, the horse was still on the ground, the ground was still, and I was beginning to perspire.

The coach then said "O.K.," whereupon the syce and rope disappeared and I was on my own. I let out a hollow groan and got ready for anything.

The horse, him understand my shaking with fear and tickling of shoe in rib mean "Advance." We did! Me shake much worse and horse, him trot. Finish for me! Me close eyes. Finally, as nothing too dreadful seemed to be happening, I opened them again, and by a last-minute piece of reckless driving missed a bush which the horse was trying to run down.

The coach then passed and called out: "Him race-horse—no sit blunt end or him buck!" I advanced with all available speed to the fo'c'sle.

Everything proceeded well until a wretched lorry came tearing round the end of the stable. The horse reared up, and, thinking that finally this was it, I let out a faint moan-cum-groan and instinctively tightened every muscle. The final effect was perfect, as I stood up round its neck in Tom Mix style, at the same time pulling its head back into my chest. This, by good luck, was the right thing to do, as horse calmly got down on to all-fours and I started breathing again. (Am in cold sweat by now.)

The coach then said "You beginner you do very well."

I murmured "Thank you."

"But as beginner you stop now or else you make too stiff to-morrow."

I gave the usual sickly grin, and coach said "Never mind, you have good seat." I thought "Had a good seat." He said "Four rupee, see you to-morrow." I said "Good night, me hotter than if I carry horse."

Of the whole of the evening the taxi-ride back to the hotel was the worst—if only I could have stood!

The amazing thing is that I am going back there to-morrow. Logically I can see that I am completely mad, but it was awfully good fun.

Little Talks

I'M awfully sorry—but it's time for the forty-fifth Haddock Poll.

Must you? Well, what's the first question?

I won't bother you with the first. It was: Do you think the Admiralty are the best people to run the Navy? Sixty-three per cent. said: "I should have thought it was a reasonable arrangement." Twenty-six per cent. said: "I don't know," and ten per cent. said: "I haven't the faintest idea."

What about the other one per cent.? He threw me harshly into the street. The second question is: Do you think the Archbishop of Canterbury ought to say publicly that two and two make four?

If he gets it right—yes.

And if he doesn't?

Well, he's got a right to his opinion, hasn't he—like everybody else? As a matter of fact, I think it's a shame the way he's been criticized.

Why?

Well, aren't we fighting for Free Speech—among other things?

Quite.

What d'you mean—"quite"?

Why, haven't the critics as much right to slang him as he has to slang them—unless we've still got Benefit of Clergy?

But he doesn't slang them.

When an Archbishop talks about the "disastrous effect of Sin upon the social structure," every member of the social structure is entitled to regard himself as mildly rebuked, at least.

That, I expect, was the intention.

All right. But I should have liked to hear at least one word about the disastrous effect of Hitler on our social arrangements. You can't have Better Worlds while the Hun is about—

I agree.

Well done. But it's about time some of our preachers, lay and professional, said as much. They talk so much about *Our Sins*—British Sin—that really one begins to feel we must have started the war.

But you make Hitler an excuse for everything.

Not at all. What I do say is that if poor old Neville Chamberlain, for example, had been permitted to get on with his real job—which was social reform—you'd have seen something. It was Hitler, and nobody else, who stopped him. And anyone who runs down our efforts before the war, without taking Hitler's contribution into account—

I don't. I never did. Talking of

accounts, by the way, I didn't quite follow the Archbishop's stipulation about the banks. It was something like "The banks should not be permitted to lend more than their clients have deposited." In my poor experience that has always been the practice of at least one bank.

I know. Well, I shall put you down "Don't know."

What? Hey!

Here's the next question: Do you feel defrustrated when you contemplate the New Young Vigorous Parties?

What on earth? De-how-much?

Well, you remember for a long time we've been told that the entire population was suffering from a "sense of frustration," having lost faith in all the effete old political parties?

Oh, yes. Well, of course.

Well, now that you've beheld the antics of the Bright Young Movements, do you feel "defrustrated"—more cheery and hopeful?

Can't say I do.

There ought, I think, to be a day-to-day chart showing the latest relations between the defrustrators.

Let's see. What happened to the People's Movement?

All three chaps resigned from each other en masse.

But didn't they have a merger with Congress or something?

No. That was the 1941 Committee. And it wasn't—

I remember. It merged with Stop-Me-and-Buy-One.

Not exactly. It married Forward March. And from this unhappy union was born Common Wealth.

Why "unhappy"?

Because no sooner had they settled down into the new house than the parents decided to separate. You know those exhibition dances where the dancers are sometimes pirouetting about by themselves and sometimes leaping into each other's arms with a loud kiss—

Yes—and sometimes taking each other by the throat?

That's it. That's the defrustrators.

Well, what's the position now?

Not very clear. Priestley, you see, shot off from Common Wealth, leaving Acland on the throne.

But taking with him the 1941 Committee?

I gather not. You see, it had merged.

Perhaps he and W. J. Brown will start a movement now?

I hope they think of a better name than "Common Wealth."

I know. It's as bad as "Congress."

It's worse. Whenever young Acland issues a Pronouncement the Indians will think it's the Voice of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Common Weal would have been better.

The trouble with most of these well-intentioned lads is that they think it's a simple thing to be a "politician." But one thing a politician must be able to do is to work with other people; and that's just what they don't seem able to do.

I notice they generally have rows with the B.B.C.

Yes. And one begins to think there's something in it—they're being foully treated and so on. Then they get together, and they still have rows.

What's the next question?

Very important. But very difficult. Do you think it's right for our statesmen and prelates to announce that we are aiming at a "Christian Peace"?

Of course.

But, unfortunately, by no means all the united nations—or the neutrals still outstanding—are composed of Christians. There are Turks, Indians, Mohammedans, Hindus, Buddhists, Con—

Yes, but we don't mean that we intend to force the Christian doctrine on them.

At a Peace Conference you may find you mean exactly that—treatment of enemies and so forth.

I mean the Atlantic Charter, and all that—which we consider to be founded on Christian principles, decent principles.

Ah, but even put like that, you see, it may annoy the Turks, the Chinese, the Indians. Because they conceive themselves to be just as capable of having decent principles as we are.

I see the difficulty. Well, I should call it a Civilized Peace. If Hitler wins you may be sure nobody will call it that.

Why not simply a Good Peace?

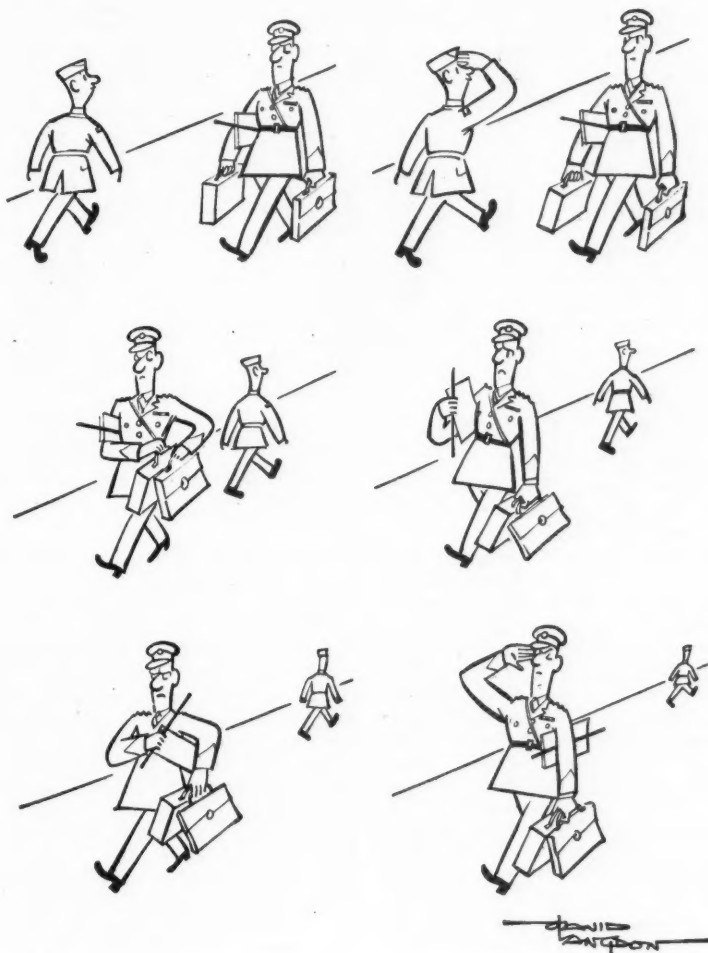
Yes, after all, most religions agree about goodness.

It only shows what messes you get into if you talk too much about "after-the-war."

Next question?

Why didn't the Russians think of a Second Front in 1939 or '40?

A. P. H.



At the Play

"HOUSE OF REGRETS" (ARTS)

"SWEENEY TODD" (ON TOUR)

It is a house in West Kensington filled with derelict White Russians, and it is a house of other things beside regrets. It is a house, for example, of philosophy (the ancient Admiral who has attained to that "unhoped serene that men call age"). Of stubborn ambition (the foolish old General who carries a map of Europe about with him, and even in 1939 clings to the fantastic hope that Russia with the help of the Germans may once more become a land fit for true Russians like himself and family to live in). Of pathos (the antique dancing-master who lives deep in the past and considers even RIMSKY-KORSAKOV an upstart and new-fangled jackanapes). Of workaday detachment (the General's widowed daughter, *Mme. Barinova*, who runs the house and fervently hopes that every kind of strain—from the international to the domestic—can be satisfactorily allayed with relays of tea or of coffee, according to the hour). Of youthful rebellion (the son *Paul* and the daughter *Marina* who respectively become an angry pro-English soldier and a militant pro-Soviet Communist).

As if this were not matter enough for a very young dramatist to wield, Mr. PETER USTINOV introduces into his rebellious, busy, pathetic, obstinate, philosophical House of Regrets (1) two more sad waifs—old ladies who find a defiant comfort in religion, (2) another daughter, *Tamara*, who does nothing all day and night but wrangle with her husband *Sergei*, who is a transported moujik, and (3) *June*, *Paul's* idea of a sweetheart, who is a London dance-floor maid, and about as far as we can go in the way of culturelessness. There is little action in this play. *Sergei* steals *June*. *Paul* discovers the theft and, while he is "enjoying" a few hours' leave, confronts the thief with the deed. He threatens to tell *Tamara* and the household. *Sergei* effectively counters with information he has come by that *Paul* had given his hard-working

mother no news of a recent increase in his fortunes, everything going to the worthless girl. Nobody, therefore, is told anything. The game is drawn. Little else happens—excepting the outbreak of war.

But who can reasonably ask for action in a play so teeming with characters truly observed and wittily delineated? The only one not already mentioned—the General's batman, *Strukhov*—looks in on the assembled family to say: "I have been reading DOSTOIEVSKI'S *Idiot*. What extraordinarily clear characters! They might

the kitchen where the General likes to wash and get in the way of *Mme. Barinova's* cooking or coffee-making. We know the bedroom upstairs, where the discordant couple quarrel violently enough to make the lights blink in the stage-room and the old Admiral on his sofa shut his eyes, keep them shut, and say: "If something doesn't happen soon, I shall fall asleep." We even know the stairs down to the front door, their faintly feline smell, their patient milk-bottles.

Some credit for this theatre-effectiveness should certainly go to Mr. ALEC CLUNES for his profoundly sympathetic production, and for his ingenious assembling of a cast which obviously conforms in nearly every particular to the author's intentions. If Mr. USTINOV, for example, imagined a shrewder, serener, wittier old gentleman than Mr. JOHN RUDDOCK makes the Admiral, then our new TCHEHOV imagined something beyond possibility. Mr. NOEL WILLMAN, too, is hardly less astonishing, especially in the last Act when this tottering choreographer goes crack-brained, declares that DEBUSSY is the Devil, and executes a *pas seul* with delicate, mad feet. But everybody concerned with this production—notably Mr. GIBB McLAUGHLIN and Miss SUSAN RICHARDS, Mr. JULIAN DALLAS and Miss LALAGE LEWIS in parts all the more difficult because they are more sketchy—deserves unusual laud and honour.

That famous old melodrama in which *Sweeney Todd*, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, "polishes off" all his customers to provide something to put into *Mrs. Lovitt's* pies, is having what the bills of the Metropolitan and the Bedford call a "grand centenary revival." Mr. TOD SLAUGHTER, who ought henceforth to give himself the extra first-name of Sweeney, gloats and glavers with appalling sincerity and vast popular success. There is not a single impertinent syllable of modernization in the text used, and Mr. SLAUGHTER's company supports and overacts well enough to make the evening, at one and the same time, horrible, horrisonant, horripilant, and funny.

A. D.



ANCIENT LIGHT ON MODERN WARFARE

Admiral Konstantin Papanin Mr. JOHN RUDDOCK
General Andrei Cherevenko Mr. MAX ADRIAN

easily walk in at the door when we lay the book down." Mr. USTINOV's characters have this same Russian verisimilitude. In to-day's intensely cosmopolitan London we observe them again in the bus, the tube train, the suburban street, for the few hours after we have visited his play. They are not people we know, but they are people whom his high playwriting talent makes us know (and we shall call that high talent "genius" if he can give us another play no worse than this one). He has, moreover, the instinctive flair—almost peculiar to Russian playwrights and some few French ones like M. MAURIAC—of leading our minds into unseen rooms off-stage. We know

The Purist

"**R**EALLY, sergeant, this is absolutely deplorable. How many men have I interviewed for this job? Eleven, eh? And not one of them with more than a rudimentary knowledge of his own language. Heaven alone knows how they held down their jobs in civilian life. Are there any more applicants?"

"Two more, sir. Private Brown and Private Dymwitt."

"Well, I'd better see 'em, I suppose. Send 'em in."

"Very good, sir. PRIVATE BROWN!"

"Ah, good morning, Brown. So you want this job of telephone orderly, eh? You know what it entails, of course — taking down telephone messages and transmitting them to the various officers in the company. Not at all difficult, but I insist upon the successful applicant possessing a decent working knowledge of English. You think you have a working knowledge, do you? H'm—that's what everyone tells me. Don't drink, I hope? The last telephone orderly we had here was found lying prone on his back with a beer-bottle in his hand."

"Ah, an acrobat, I presume, sir."

"An acrobat? What on earth are you talking about, man?"

"Well, sir, 'prone,' as I understand the word, means lying face downward. So if this man was found lying face downward on his back . . . or did you intend to say 'supine,' sir?"

"Why—I—er—of course. I trust you're not inferring that I don't know what I'm talking about, are you?"

"Of course not, sir. In any event I'm sure you will agree that it is impossible for me as the speaker to infer anything. Only the hearer can infer. The speaker implies, as you will be aware, sir."

"I—hrrmph!—I can see you're a difficult fellow to catch out, Brown. You've done quite well. An unusual knowledge of English for a member of this camp. Most unique, in fact."

"I confess I have given some study to the language, sir, but I can scarcely claim to be most unique. There are no degrees of uniqueness; a thing is unique or it is nothing."

"Er — yes — naturally, Brown, naturally. Well, I'm quite satisfied with your English—quite satisfied. Now what about spelling? I see you've been to a public school, and it's been my experience that an inability to spell is the hall-mark of a public school education. A seeming paradox, Brown, but very true, I've found."

"There is something in what you

say, sir, but it could scarcely be termed a seeming paradox. The definition of a paradox is, I believe, a seeming contradiction—so that a seeming paradox would be a seeming, seeming contradiction. I perceive you are still trying to trip me up, sir."

"Ha-ha! Very smart of you to spot that, Brown. Well, I think that will do. You will be informed if your application is successful."

"Thank you, sir."

"Ph—e—e—w! Well, what the devil are you grinning at, sergeant? Send that other man in."

"Very good, sir. . . . PRIVATE DYMWITT!"

"Ah, good morning, Dymwitt. So you want the job of telephone orderly, do you?"

"Not 'arf I don't, sir."

"You can speak and write English?"

"Not 'arf I can't, sir."

"And you think you could do the job?"

"Not 'arf I couldn't, sir."

"Right. Report to the sergeant here at 0800 hours to-morrow morning."

"You mean I got the job, sir?"

"Not half you haven't, Dymwitt!"



FLAMING CHRYSANTHEMUMS



"How do you expect to run a home, Smith Minor, if you don't know your fuel tables?"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

A Tribute to Hilaire Belloc

NONE of our contemporaries is so hard to classify as HILAIRE BELLOC. He cannot be dismissed as merely versatile, for he has never lost himself in his achievements. But though he permeates all his work, the total effect of his work is not homogeneous. One is conscious of a powerful temperament inspired by conflicting impulses. His Catholicism is institutional not mystical; it expresses his active political side and seems to have little influence on his poetry, which is secular in tone and more akin to VIRGIL and DU BELLAY than to FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

Since little of any value has yet been written on Mr. BELLOC, one cannot help regretting that this book (*For Hilaire Belloc. Essays in Honour of his Seventy-second Birthday*, SHEED AND WARD, 9/-) is not devoted to an examination of his work. As the contributors are all friends of Mr. BELLOC and fellow-Catholics, the examination would have been inspired by sympathy and understanding, and as they are writers with reputations of their own it would not have dwindled into mere eulogy. This is clear from the only essay devoted to Mr. BELLOC, a tribute to his political thought by Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD, who dissociates himself from Mr. BELLOC's opinion that English politicians are corrupt, but praises his forecast of the development of Liberal capitalism into the servile state. The other essays

range over many subjects, but, being written by Catholics, possess a certain unity of outlook. The most amusing is Monsignor RONALD KNOX's account of a Canon of Durham who set out in 1850 to convert the Pope to the necessity of reuniting the Christian churches. Urbane, charming and non-committal, the Pope received the Canon as a headmaster of Eton might receive a well-intentioned Borstal boy pleading for a co-ordination of English schools; and our last glimpse of the Canon is of a disillusioned and embittered man. Mr. DOUGLAS WOODRUFF has an excellent essay on NEWMAN and G. K. CHESTERTON as the two English Catholics who most effectively opposed "the secular optimism of the nineteenth century." Mr. ARNOLD LUNN writes on mountaineering, and while abating none of his love for mountains suggests that mountain worship began when institutional religion declined, and that though mountains may fitly be compared with cathedrals, those who make this comparison should remember that cathedrals are not objects to be worshipped, but places to worship in. Of the other essays the most interesting is Mr. J. B. MORTON's on ANDRÉ CHENIER, a great poet who, unlike his English counterpart, ANDREW MARVELL, did not survive the revolutionary whirlpool into which it was his fate to be plunged.

H. K.

Bouquet for Brazil

It is odd to think that the deliberate settlement of an undeveloped country by its own natives is, as a rule, the last thing to be "planned." (One always wondered why it was not done here after the last war; and one still wonders why it should not be done after this.) *Brazil* (CASSELL, 10/6), however, in the almost entirely acquisitive sixteenth century, practised the policy of "natives first" so successfully that she is to-day a nation as large as the U.S.A. with no colour-bar and no class or racial strife whatsoever. HERR STEFAN ZWEIG, whose posthumous book was written under the impulse to show a distracted Europe the way out, attributes the felicity he found in Brazil to two causes. The Jesuits, backed by the Portuguese Crown, deliberately set out to make Christians, not conquistadores or commodities, the product of Brazil; and the subsequent failure of monopolist schemes, founded on gold, rubber, cacao, coffee and so forth, providentially confirmed the original design. Premising that "civilization and culture" are not the same as "organization and comfort," HERR ZWEIG opens with an historical portrait, passes on to economics and manners, and ends with *reisebilder* of places as far apart as Rio and Belém. Informative, sagacious, enchanting—this is a memorable book.

H. P. E.

Fog and Tinsel

Our parents and grandparents seem suddenly very enviable. They saw what we did not see—the nineties, and the last of THACKERAY's London. Envy grows with every page of *Enter Three Witches* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 9/6), in which that London is the setting rather than the backcloth only. It is all so solid, not to say material, crowded with objects that glitter and can all be gathered; and Mr. D. L. MURRAY has peopled it, rightly, with materialists. Three handsome sisters from Brighton—the title of the novel is ominous, not playful—are launched into the second rank of a splendid society through the marriage of one with a South African millionaire: the others are an actress and a smart milliner. What follows is a drama—vulgar, florid, unedifying, sometimes absurd, but perfectly at home in an atmosphere of fog and gas and the

odours of fine living. We are back, you notice, where we began: for, with the exception of the actress, who is frivolous but attractive, and her husband, Mr. MURRAY's characters, as characters, are subordinate to the interest, splendour, and fascination of the world they move in. One could scarcely have a better guide to it. In the streets or at the theatre, at the races or on the river, he misses nothing of the charm, the strangeness, the humour, the self-confidence, and the heartlessness of that vanished age. Its most characteristic music is of the music-hall, its splendours largely tinsel, its slums as noteworthy as its great houses, yet it had opportunity for him who dared seize it, like the ambitious and reckless people of this story, and it has now a first-rate apologist.

J. S.

Book About Books

All those (and how many there are!) who like to potter in old book-shops will delight in *The Intimate Thoughts of John Baxter* (METHUEN, 6/-), which has been edited by Mr. AUGUSTUS MUIR from a manuscript journal that contained eight hundred words to the page and so "beat Sir Walter by a good hundred." In it we read of *Mr. Pumpherston* (all names have been altered), skull-capped, generously paunched and "dreadfully down on decadence"; of *Mr. McKerrow*, "a canny wee man" with a passion for the Covenanters and "pale watery eyes that seem to reflect battles"; of *Jimmy*, the fourteen-year-old lad. Outside the Edinburgh book-shop we have *Mrs. Gilmour*, wise in every sort of waiting, and her pack of student lodgers. Mr. JAMES HORATIO COCKBURN writes in his introduction that his heart goes out to *McKerrow*, but Jacobites, naturally, will love the author better. His chapter on the ghosts that haunt the old quadrangle, his appreciation of the three-penny counter that lured book-nosers right in from the street, his eye for a pretty girl, his jinking ambition and his quoted snatches from other people's books will make him the friend of all. But this is not a journal to write about: it is one to read and have handy for reading again. It has power to snatch you from the fireside to the affectionate close circle of those who know that the bookseller must be loved and must love his books and customers if there is to be more relish in tracking down a volume than in buying a ream of paper.

B. E. B.

Not Without Honour

An Army unit whose battle history is the familiar pride of all our most northern shires was forced into surrender on a June morning of 1940 as black for Scotland as the day of Flodden Field. Certainly no one living south of the Border will need to be told that this last abnegation was not endured until the power to resist had mechanically come to an end. It was no question of the mounting casualties that determined the decision, but simply the firing of the last round in the face of still-multiplying encircling enemies. Mr. ERIC LINKLATER tells the story—*The Highland Division* (STATIONERY OFFICE, 9d.)—in a book that is official only in inception, and tells it not as an apology for defeat but as an inspiration to fortitude and discipline under consuming disappointment. The division—the Fifty-First—was early detailed for fighting service with the French forces, and after sharing much liveliness on the Saar Front was set the task, sometimes as it must have seemed almost unaided, of holding back the flooding millions of German troops sweeping west through the fatal gap at Sedan. Less fortunate than our main army in Belgium, the Highlanders found no British Navy waiting beside the beaches, and the fight through odds to the little tidal port

of St. Valéry-en-Caux meant for nearly all of the survivors only the entry to a prison that is still unopened. Mr. LINKLATER puts the matter well. In his lighter moments he displays a marked fancy for landscape and syllepsis; in the tragic climax he comes near to realizing the capacity for greatness of the human spirit in defeat. C. C. P.

Indian Labyrinth

Lord LYTTON's experiences of India—five years in the 'twenties as Governor of Bengal with four months as Deputy-Viceroy—would lend *Pundits and Elephants* (DAVIES, 15/-) distinction even if it had not been written to shed light on the present impasse. For this purpose its holiday chapters are perhaps a mistake. They hold up an absorbing lesson in Indian politics. The text of this lesson is that what Indian unity there is is of British extraction. Criticism comes easy to the Swarajist, constructive energy does not—though Mr. C. R. DAS is credited with an awareness (useful, one feels) of the dangers of bureaucracy. India as a State is our work and will fall if we go. India as a nation has barely begun to exist. The very introduction of Indians into office has meant more dissension: for sects which had little point of contact before now treat the political arena as a party cock-pit. Lord LYTTON's bitter experience of politicians and terrorists never impairs his admiration for the India whose wisdom and integrity inspire his title. We must build, he says, on what is "indigenous and admirable"; and he outlines the creation of a central government deriving its powers from an association of confederate States.

H. P. E.



"Well I can't play it either, but we can 'ave a go."

Gardens

THERE are so many kinds of garden that I am going to concentrate on what statisticians call the *average garden*. In striking the average in gardens, statisticians have had a busy time; they have had to take the most garden possible, which is so much that it ceases to be a garden, and the least possible, which is no garden at all, and, by adding them together and dividing them by two, statisticians have arrived at what they knew all along to be the average garden. The average garden, then, is a piece of ground mostly to the back of a house, though also to the sides and front, and surrounded by a wall, fence, hedge or indeed anything which keeps other people out; and it says much for human nature that almost anything round a garden *does* keep other people out, if only because anything surrounding a garden has been accepted as a test of character rather than as an actual obstacle to getting in.

The gate of a garden, on the other hand, serves the opposite purpose. It is also a test of character, but a test which other people—that is, the people the garden does not belong to—can pass only by getting through the gate and into the garden. This is, indeed, one of Nature's cleverest devices for showing up flaws in those we might otherwise, and may anyhow, come to consider as our friends. For this reason Nature has ordained that all garden gates not only shall be made differently in the first place—when they are sold to the people who buy them—but, after a time, shall acquire characteristics of their own, so that no one, not even after looking over the top of a gate to see what happens the other side of the latch, shall be able to *deduce* anything beforehand, however scientific that person may be. In this way the people watching through the window have a wonderful chance of gauging other people's qualities—their innate reasoning powers, their perseverance and sleight of hand, their poise in face of what they sense to be a hostile crowd hidden somewhere, and finally their consideration in shutting the gate after them.

Now for the garden itself. Before the war a garden was divided into grass, earth and paths, the earth staying roughly the same size and being filled with flowers, weeds or nothing at all, according to the time of year and the people who owned the garden. Nowadays, of course, the earth part tends more and more to be filled with vegetables, and get bigger every year, and this is a source of great satisfaction not only to the owners but to the owners' friends, who used to find it very difficult to follow what the owners were telling them about the flowers, but are getting better and better at recognizing a vegetable by the part sticking out of the ground.

The grass part of a garden deserves a few words, because, while it has been dimly noticed that grass in gardens is man's natural enemy, it has hardly been noticed at all that man in gardens is grass's natural enemy. No one knows who started the rule that all grass shall be one inch long and nothing but grass, but a look at the average lawn will prove that the grass had nothing whatever to do with it. As in most of man's other fights against the elements, it has worked out that man has triumphed over grass in

theory, but that grass has slightly the better of man in practice, especially on paths.

Not every garden has a rockery, but a lot do, and the interesting thing about rockeries is that the fashion in rocks has imperceptibly changed in the last few years, so that people thinking about rockeries can surprise themselves with the realization that they tend to think of rocks as greyish lumps, whereas all the rockeries they see round them are in brownish slices. Almost every garden has a shed, and almost every shed several bicycles (stacked in accordance with a natural law which decrees that the bicycle wanted next shall sink to the bottom of the stack) and a mower and a rocking-chair. I should mention here that no one has ever pulled a mower round a rocking-chair and out of a shed without realizing first why the rocking-chair is there and next that to get a mower from a shed to the grass by way of the path is to make such a noise as to seem so violently anti-social as to be doing it on purpose.

There is so much more to say about the average garden that I shall have to squash it up into what are called facts. Trees in gardens are different from trees outside, their owners persisting in thinking of them as tame trees there from choice. Chance hedgehogs and toads are also tame, but worms and so on are not. Bonfires in gardens are very atmospheric, because the smell of the smoke reminds everyone of something. It used to be impossible to get a bonfire to burn ever, but now it is impossible till just before black-out time, when any bonfire will burst into flame. Sticks with string between mean something has been planted. So do sticks with no string. People who prune anything are very brave indeed. Finally, to go back to the wall or fence or hedge, anyone looking over it knows the people in the garden either very well or not at all.

o o

The Scottish Harvester

UNWONTED work has warped my bones; my thews
In unexpected spots are stretched and strained;
My skin is with my native soil engrained;
My joints their customary tasks refuse;
I have been damped by autumn dawn's chill dews,
When snug in bed how gladly I'd remained!
With thorns and prickles are my fingers pained;
My insect-bites inflame to horrid hues;
Yet, though my body aches, my spirit gloats,
Not only with a sense of duty done,
For, by my help in harvesting the oats
A claim on its prime product I have won.
By this tremendous solace am I nerved—
My morning porridge will be well deserved! W. K. H.


o o

"It is intended," writes General Wavell, "that the paper should print nothing but the truth. It will, however, include the official communiqués of all the Powers at war."—*The Times*.


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P1



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GIVE THEM**



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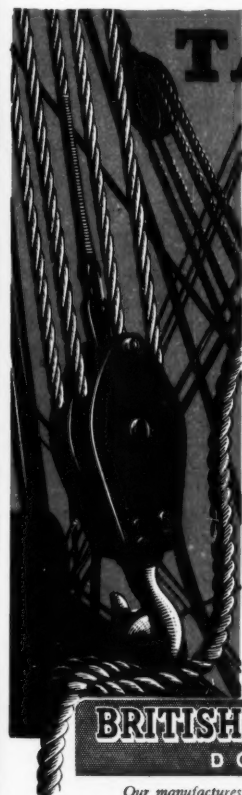
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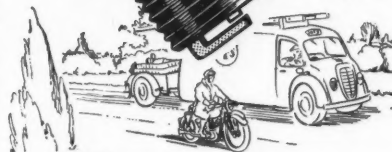
Champion Plugs pep up power



WITH THE FAMOUS
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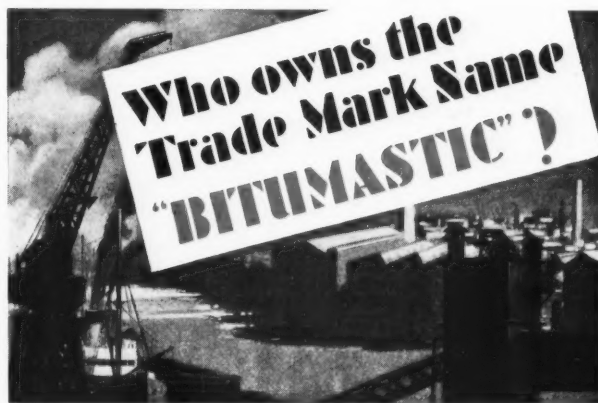
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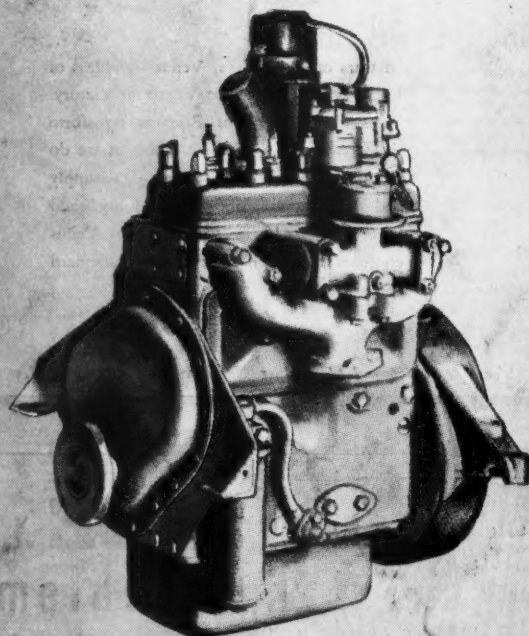
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a generating set or a vehicle, the Coventry
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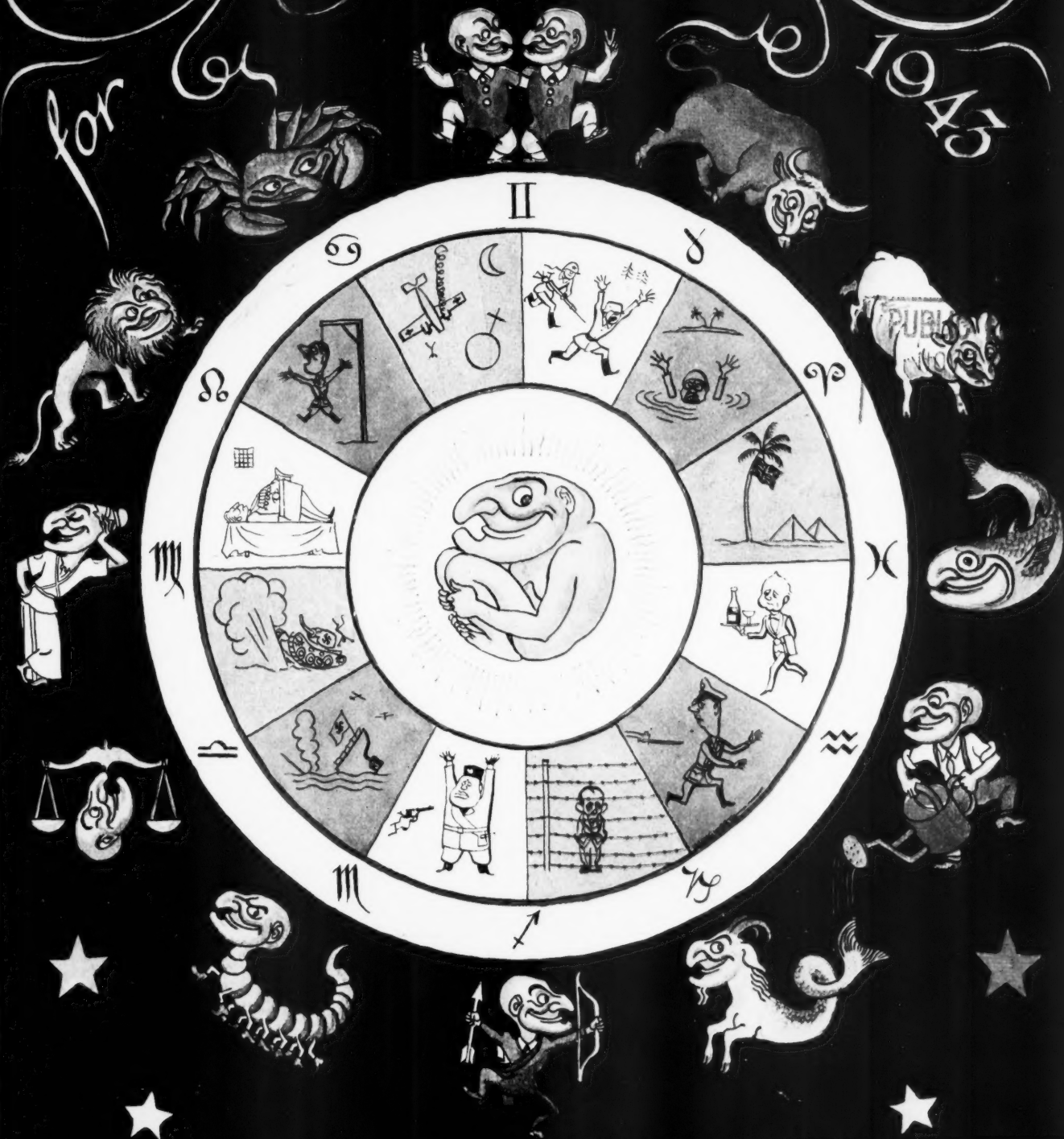
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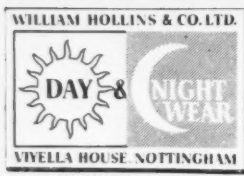
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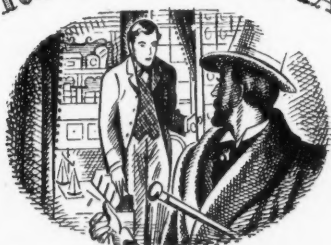
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Airtight tin
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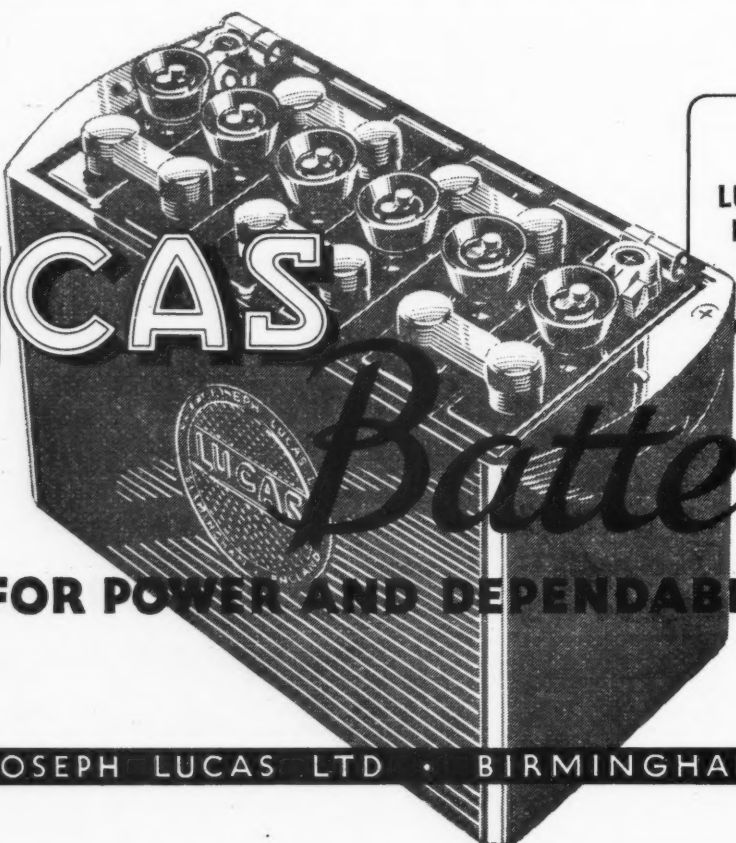
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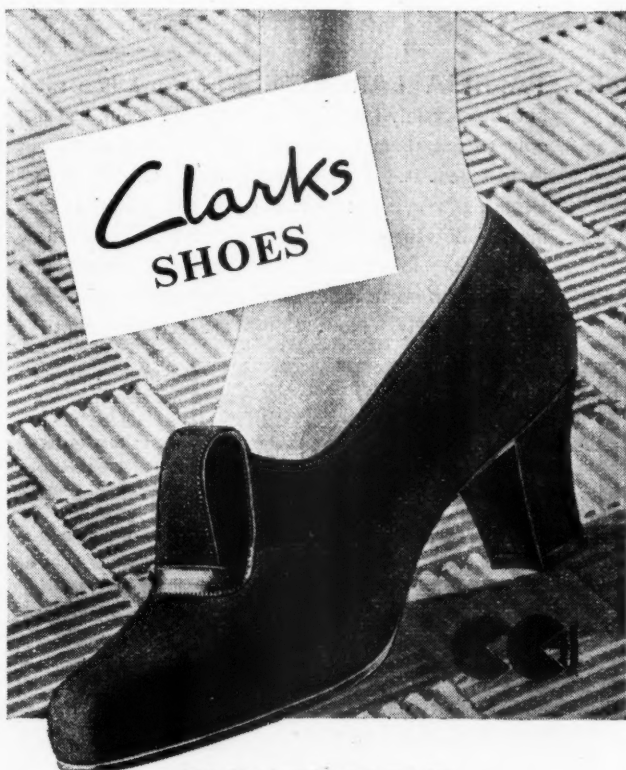
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Clarks have been well equipped
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The Carillon will ring again...



The history of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne goes back beyond the day in 1799 when Mr. James Atkinson first made it in London. It goes back to those age-old traditional recipes for the "Eau Admirabilis" which had been distilled from the orange blossoms of Southern Europe over many generations.

Then why "de Cologne"? Simply because in 1649 a famous maker of "Eau Admirabilis" happened to transfer his business to that city. Since when, wherever this essence of the orange blossom has been distilled, it has been called "Eau de Cologne". There has never been any secret about its basic recipe, but where Mr. James Atkinson excelled was in his choice of ingredients, his gift for blending, and his originality in developing the traditional formulae into the "Eau de Cologne" which has made the name and fame of Atkinsons. Today the House of Atkinsons is still in Old Bond Street. True, the famous Carillon above it is silent for a while—but always ready for the day of victory. Atkinsons Eau de Cologne is still made to old Mr. James' recipe—but raw materials are scarce, and much of the Atkinsons now made goes to overseas markets where, in more senses than one, it maintains the credit of Great Britain.

Meanwhile, Atkinsons is not just a luxury; it is rendering essential service in sick-rooms and first-aid posts, it is soothing blitz-shocked nerves and refreshing jaded war workers. So do not be impatient when you cannot find it—and be grateful when you do; and soon the Carillon in Old Bond Street will ring again; and Atkinsons in plenty again be at your command.

ATKINSONS
Eau de Cologne

ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET

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Owing to the new Government instructions, we are now allowed to distribute McVitie & Price Biscuits to certain areas only. If you live in one of these areas your favourite Biscuits will be obtainable in reasonable quantities through your usual shops and stores.

If you do not live in one of our distribution areas you will not be able to buy McVitie & Price Biscuits until the war is ended. Then we will make it our duty to make them available to all once more.

McVitie & Price Ltd., Edinburgh, London, Manchester



MRS. FAMILIA LARGESSE did not live in a shoe, but she certainly had so many children... She had not only to get them nourishing food — she had to get them to eat it. Body-building potatoes, fresh blood-cleansing vegetables, good (and unavoidable) cold meat! But there's no "Mummy, it's so dull!" now — since she found what Pan Yan — that spicy-sweet pickle — can do to make dull foods tempting and slow appetites lively. Now, things are very different...

Pan Yan

But, of course, she has a new problem. Because Pan Yan is not so easy to get in wartime. Still, the children are growing up...

MACONOCHE BROS. LIMITED · LONDON



HOW CAN WE REPLACE YOU?

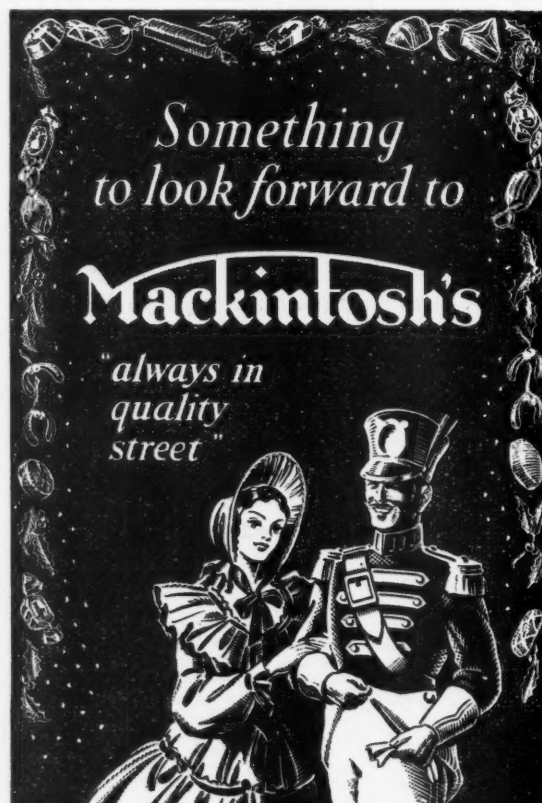
The answer is "With Idris Orange or Lemon Squash." These fruit squashes are not substitutes. They contain the genuine unadulterated fruit juices which, diluted with water, provide the most refreshing, cooling and health-giving drinks. Oranges and lemons are very scarce nowadays, and IDRIS Fruit Squashes are not as plentiful as we could wish. But your grocer, if you are lucky, may be able to supply you with some.

IDRIS

Table Waters



IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS



JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD., TOFFEE TOWN, HALIFAX
Makers of "Quality Street" and other high-grade Toffees and Chocolates

An epicure dreams of post-war planning



W. SYMINGTON & CO. LTD., MARKET HARBOROUGH

*For those who smoke for
pleasure and not from habit*
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED
20 for 2/-



LOOK AFTER THOSE SUEDE SHOES

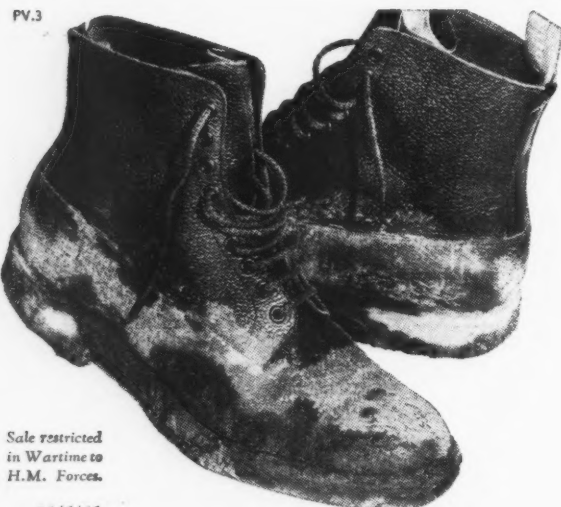
Coupons and higher prices make it a sad day when you have to superannuate your suede shoes, so it's good to know that Meltonian Suede Cleaner makes them stay young longer—and smarter.

Meltonian Suede Cleaner is the enemy of those shiny spots, and always keeps the suede soft and supple.

Use it regularly and you can be proud of your old shoes for a long time yet.

*Meltonian
Suede Cleaner*

Use Meltonian White Cream for *polished* leather of any colour.



*Sale restricted
in Wartime to
H.M. Forces.*

11/6/41.

I purchased a pair in 1920. I first used them for farm work, then on and off for gardening and riding. For some time they lay neglected in the garage, then six months ago I had them re-soled and they are once again trusty friends in regular harness.

LOTUS

Veldtschoen

GUARANTEED WATERPROOF



*The password is—
Simpsons!*

There's more than the touch of the master-tailor behind the smartness of a Simpson uniform. There's the quick efficiency of a master-organisation! A ready-to-wear service which ensures that you are fitted-out with a minimum of delay. A service ready-to-hand wherever you're posted—through the 400 selected Simpson-experienced agents. For uniforms and full equipment for H.M. Forces and Women's Services—the password is Simpsons

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PICCADILLY

OVER 400 SIMPSON AGENTS & SIMPSON 202 PICCADILLY LONDON W. 1

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BRITISH
EMPIRE

PATON'S
SHOE & BOOT LACES

SEE THE NAME "PATON" ON EVERY TAG.
FROM YOUR RETAILER, 3d. to 6d. per pair.

WM. PATON LTD. JOHNSTONE. SCOTLAND



'Second to None'

GREYS CIGARETTES

*Just honest-to-goodness
tobacco*

20 for 2/- ★ 10 for 1/-

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BRINGING IT HOME TO US

THE men who sail the life-lines of Britain are facing hardships and peril day and night, all the way. They are facing the risks without hesitation because they know that Britain relies on the food and the munitions they bring.

Think what these gallant merchantmen are doing for you—what are you doing for them?

These men may only have a few hours in port. Make it a happy time for them by helping the Y.M.C.A. to greet them as they should be greeted. Help us to carry on with the job—a haven of

comfort and warm friendship for our sailors wherever they come ashore. And if they are able to snatch a little leave to go home, let them be sure of finding the Y.M.C.A. at the station to help them on their way. It's money we need—give us the money and we'll do the job. The Y.M.C.A. is doing great work—humane work, work you'll want to be associated with—for every man and woman in all the Services, at home and overseas. Here's your chance to do something for those who are doing so much for you. Thank them—but in a practical way—

Put your thanks in an envelope to the **Y.M.C.A.**

THE NATIONAL Y.M.C.A. WAR SERVICE FUND
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940.)

President: The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B.

Vice-President: The Rt. Hon. The Lord Mayor of London.

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I am glad to contribute £ : : to the National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund

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Every contribution will be acknowledged



SCAPA HOSPITALITY

"So then the Big White Chief gave you a bottle?"

"Poured it right over me. 'Don't stand there with your eyes sticking out like organ stops,' he said, 'eyeing me like a rat peering out of a ball of oakum.' I was wearing a beard at the time."

"How well I remember it."

"Well, sir, I said, 'your signal specifically stated . . . 'I don't care a fish's tuning fork what my signal specifically stated. Don't talk to me about signals. Where was my Rose's Lime Juice?'"

"And where was his Rose's Lime Juice, anyway?"

"Consumed. Lapped up. We'd entertained some American officers the night before, and

naturally we drank gin and Rose's. Couldn't risk hangovers complicating the relations of the two great allied democracies."

"Of course. You pointed that out?"

"I did. I confessed all and threw myself upon his mercy."

"How did it work?"

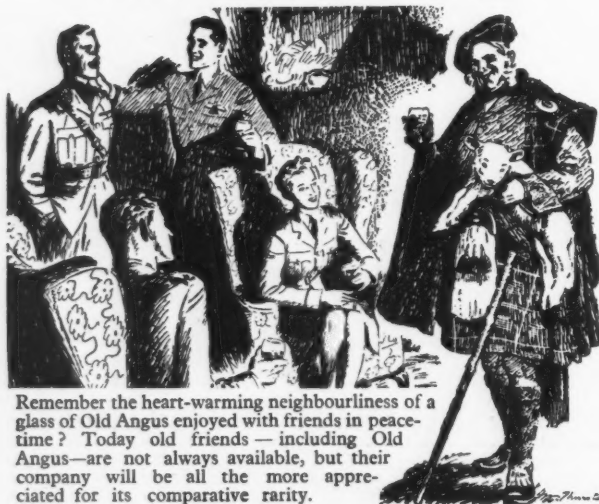
"Like a charm. The rugged face softened, a gleam came into the steely eyes and in a voice hoarse with emotion he told me that I wasn't quite such a fool as I looked."

"Praise indeed! And now, what about a run ashore to sample the glamorous night life of Lyness? I hear a new seagull's arrived from Long Hope."

ROSE'S—There is No Substitute.

We're in luck!

YOUR OLD FRIEND IS HERE



Remember the heart-warming neighbourliness of a glass of Old Angus enjoyed with friends in peacetime? Today old friends—including Old Angus—are not always available, but their company will be all the more appreciated for its comparative rarity.

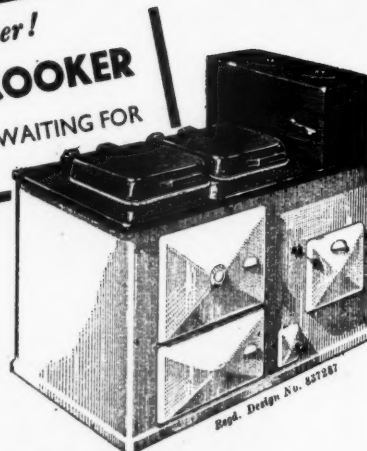
CHOSEN FOR YEARS BY CONNOISSEURS

OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH—GENTLE AS A LAMB

M 13

Remember!
THE "AB" COOKER
IS WELL WORTH WAITING FOR



- **Cooking and Water Heating** combined in one unit.
- **Big Fuel Economy Ensured** through automatic fuel feed.
- **Food Values Are Retained** by balanced distribution of heat.
- **High Temperatures Are Available** at a moment's notice.

You Are Invited . . .
to visit the Demonstration Kitchen at the address below; a cooking expert will show the "AB" Cooker in action—and advise you on any of your war-time cooking problems.

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COMBINING COOKING & WATER-HEATING

(Controlled by Federated Foundries, Ltd.)



Sparklets

Vital National needs have first call, hence Sparklets Syphons and Bulbs are somewhat scarce these days, although supplies are being regularly and equitably distributed. You may have to make more frequent calls on your supplier and buy in smaller quantities than your usual two or three dozen Sparklets Bulbs at a time, but the little extra trouble is well worth while.

The advantages of Sparklets are very evident and, of course, the quality of the soda is as good as ever.

P.S. Please remember our renovation and repair service—it still functions. P.P.S. Be as helpful as you can by returning all empty Sparklets Bulbs to your supplier—allowance "C" size 4d. dozen, "B" size 2d. dozen.

SPARKLETS Ltd. (Dept. P), LONDON, N.18



Sparklets

(REGD. TRADE MARK)

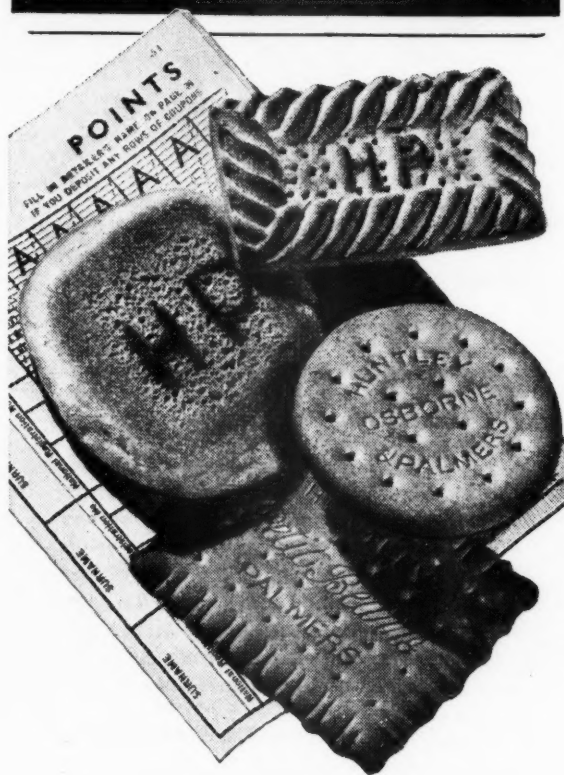
REFILLABLE SYPHON



POINTS

IN FAVOUR OF

**HUNTLEY & PALMERS
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- ★ ATTRACTIVENESS
- ★ PALATABILITY
- ★ UNIFORMITY
- ★ FOOD VALUE

... so buy Huntley & Palmers famous biscuits
and get the best value for your 'points'

Famous for over a Century

The Importance of Ovaltine Sleep



AT this time, when most men and women are making their greatest effort in the National cause, the need for regular nights of restorative sleep is all-important.

For this reason countless thousands make delicious 'Ovaltine' their nightly bedtime beverage. This scientific concentration of Nature's best foods not only helps to induce sleep, but provides valuable nutritive properties which assist in making your sleep more completely refreshing to body, brain and nerves.

Enjoy the unique advantages of 'Ovaltine' Sleep from tonight. See how completely rested you feel in the morning, and with what vigour and confidence you begin the day's work.

PS96A

*Remember -
Ovaltine Sleep is
Restorative Sleep*

biding time

*"If Winter comes can Spring
be far behind?"*

Though the world be overcast and grey,
many are the good ways of life that only
await the sunshine of peace to blossom
forth again.

So also is the House of Heinz waiting.
The delicious things they brought you
are not gone for ever. The great kitchens
are working, good rich food is being
cooked and canned as of yore, with all
the old skill in preserving purity and
flavour.

That you may not see them so often is
due to prior claims; by the Fighting
Services that need "quality first" foods;
by the demands of our national emergency
stores.

Therefore, if you do not always run across
the friendly label, console yourself in
thinking that the goodly craft is not lost
but only waiting — as are you — the hour
of liberation from the bonds of war.



SOUPS — BAKED BEANS — SPAGHETTI
SALAD CREAM AND MAYONNAISE

H. J. HEINZ CO. LTD., LONDON

BARNEYS in the ARMY



*"I would like to say what inestimable pleasure
Barneys has given me, it certainly is my
'Ideal Tobacco'. I may say that out of all
the people, some forty odd, including all my
own Mess, whom I have converted to Barneys,
none has changed again to my knowledge.
If you wish to use this letter do so by all
means, provided my name does not appear."*

From the four corners of the earth comes a
stream of letters giving generous, sporting
expression to the utter satisfaction found in
Barneys. When you feel there might be
greater joy in the pipe than you have yet
known, try *Barneys once. Most Barneys
smokers started just that way.



★ Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild),
Punchbowl (full). 2/5d. oz.

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John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne

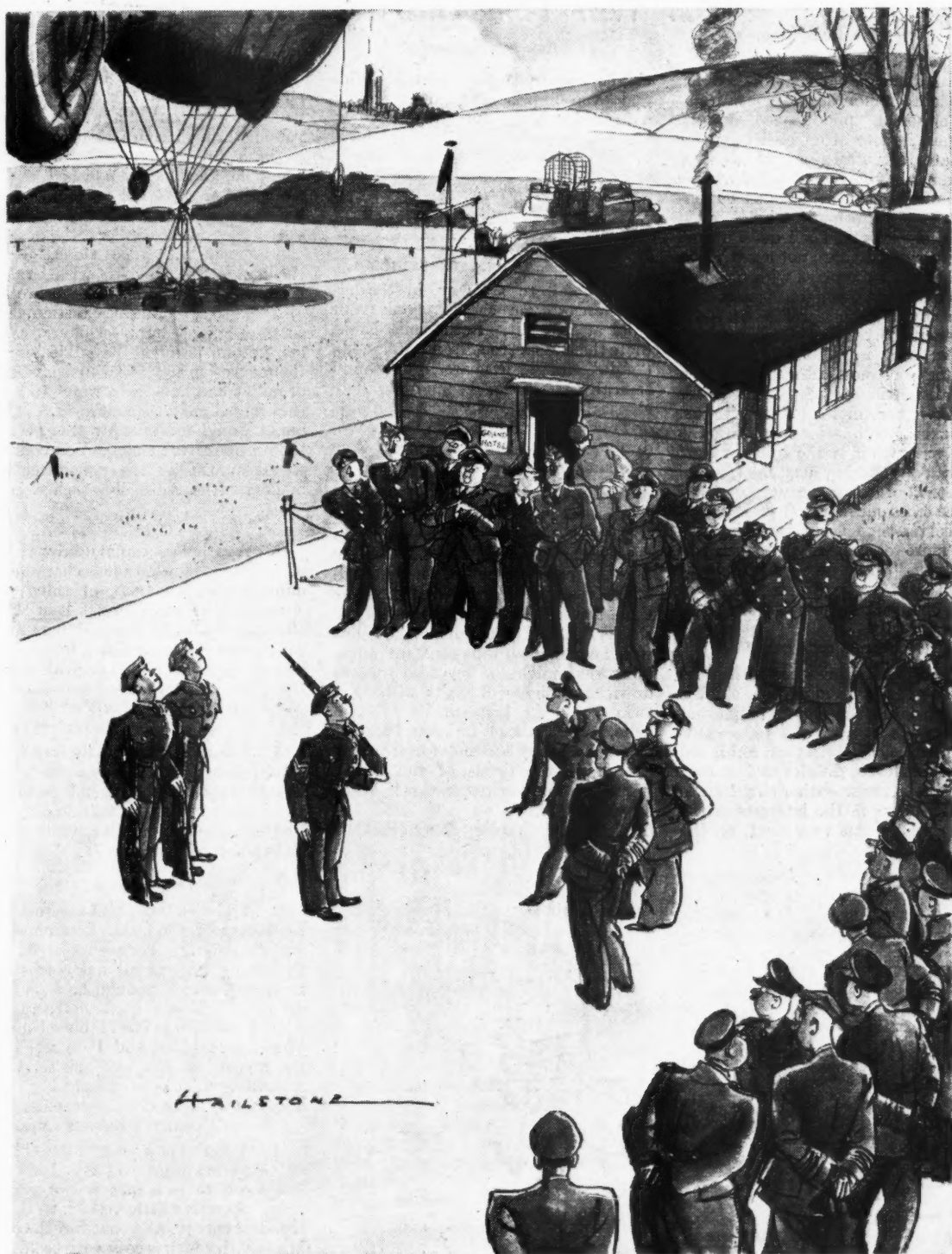
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January	February	March	April	May	June
S . 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	S . . . 7. 14. 21. 28	S . . . 7. 14. 21. 28	S . . . 4. 11. 18. 25	S . 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	S . . . 6. 13. 20. 27
M . 4. 11. 18. 25 . . .	M . 1. 8. 15. 22 . . .	M . 1. 8. 15. 22. 29	M . . . 5. 12. 19. 26	M . 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	M . . . 7. 14. 21. 28
Tu . 5. 12. 19. 26 . . .	Tu . 2. 9. 16. 23 . . .	Tu . 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	Tu . . . 6. 13. 20. 27	Tu . 4. 11. 18. 25 . . .	Tu . 1. 8. 15. 22. 29
W . 6. 13. 20. 27 . . .	W . 3. 10. 17. 24 . . .	W . 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	W . . . 7. 14. 21. 28	W . 5. 12. 19. 26 . . .	W . 2. 9. 16. 23. 30
Th . 7. 14. 21. 28 . . .	Th . 4. 11. 18. 25 . . .	Th . 4. 11. 18. 25 . . .	Th . 1. 8. 15. 22. 29	Th . 6. 13. 20. 27 . . .	Th . 3. 10. 17. 24 . . .
F . 1. 8. 15. 22. 29 . . .	F . 5. 12. 19. 26 . . .	F . 5. 12. 19. 26 . . .	F . 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	F . 7. 14. 21. 28 . . .	F . 4. 11. 18. 25 . . .
S . 2. 9. 16. 23. 30 . . .	S . 6. 13. 20. 27 . . .	S . 6. 13. 20. 27 . . .	S . 3. 10. 17. 24 . . .	S . 1. 8. 15. 22. 29 . . .	S . 5. 12. 19. 26 . . .
July	August	September	October	November	December
S . . . 4. 11. 18. 25	S . . 1. 8. 15. 22. 29	S . . . 5. 12. 19. 26	S . 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	S . . . 7. 14. 21. 28	S . . . 5. 12. 19. 26
M . . . 5. 12. 19. 26	M . 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	M . . . 6. 13. 20. 27	M . 4. 11. 18. 25 . . .	M . 1. 8. 15. 22. 29	M . . . 6. 13. 20. 27
Tu . . . 6. 13. 20. 27	Tu . 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	Tu . . . 7. 14. 21. 28	Tu . 5. 12. 19. 26 . . .	Tu . 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	Tu . . . 7. 14. 21. 28
W . . . 7. 14. 21. 28	W . 4. 11. 18. 25 . . .	W . 1. 8. 15. 22. 29	W . 6. 13. 20. 27 . . .	W . 3. 10. 17. 24 . . .	W . 1. 8. 15. 22. 29
Th . 1. 8. 15. 22. 29	Th . 5. 12. 19. 26 . . .	Th . 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	Th . 7. 14. 21. 28 . . .	Th . 4. 11. 18. 25 . . .	Th . 2. 9. 16. 23. 30
F . 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	F . 6. 13. 20. 27 . . .	F . 3. 10. 17. 24 . . .	F . 1. 8. 15. 22. 29 . . .	F . 5. 12. 19. 26 . . .	F . 3. 10. 17. 24. 31
S . 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	S . 7. 14. 21. 28 . . .	S . 4. 11. 18. 25 . . .	S . 2. 9. 16. 23. 30 . . .	S . 6. 13. 20. 27 . . .	S . 4. 11. 18. 25 . . .



ONE HUNDRED PER CENT.



"You may stand the men at ease, Corporal."

Our War-Time Query Corner

Ask Evangeline!

Q. A domestic agency promised me, after eighteen months on their waiting-list, either a middle-aged widow, lately an inmate of an institution for inebriates, or a fifteen-year-old, subject to chronic hay-fever but willing. The help, now it has come, is an exceptionally small thirteen-and-a-half, called May Tholepin, and I am quite unwell with worry as we dare not leave her in the house lest she plays with fire, and she expects a game of "jacks," at which my husband and I are only indifferent players, in the mornings, and our company to pictures or the paddling-pool most afternoons, which leaves little time to prepare meals for four Civil Servants billeted with us. If I ask her to dust or help with the dishes she says it is like being in Nazi Germany. What do you advise? I dare not get rid of her or the agency would at once cross our name off their books.

Since tea-time yesterday, May has been more or less in a coma after remarking "Share and share alike is what I say," and drinking off two-thirds of my husband's last bottle of liqueur brandy.

HONORIA MELLYDEW (Mrs.).

A. Under the laws regulating the practice of baby-farming, if a child is found to be in the charge of persons unfit to have the care of it on grounds of negligence, insobriety or continued mental cruelty, a district visitor may apply for an order authorizing him to visit the house in the interests of the child. Should this treatment, on the

child's own evidence, continue, fine and even imprisonment may follow. You need to be careful, Mrs. Mellydew.

* * * *

Q. Can you suggest a name for a little girl born in an Anderson shelter the day of the Dieppe raid? My husband likes Hazel.

MATERFAMILIAS.

A. I fail to see why, in the circumstances, you should name your child after a nut. Both Sonia Eppie (note the Russian touch) and Anderaida ("Ada" for short) are pretty and topical. Or if you had something more classical in mind, why not Brunhilde or Troglodita? Troglodita means cave-dweller; Brunhilde was an old-time Woman's Auxiliary.

* * * *

Q. I am told that if the enemy in desperation uses gas, the safest place is at the top of the house, yet that high explosives may be dropped at the same time, thus necessitating the use of the shelter. Could you tell me how one would contend with the constant movement that might be involved up and down four flights of stairs with aged twin aunts in home-made asbestos suits, two cases of Chinese Paradise fish and a heavy section of iron-tubing containing the deeds of the family grave, all wearing respirators? What are others doing?

VIOLET MINT (Miss).

A. All you need is a series of circular apertures cut through each floor, with a stout metal shaft or pole passing through from attic to basement, as in a fire-station emergency exit. The pole, kept highly polished, makes transition from top to bottom of your house the work of a moment. After a very little practice, in fact, the descent can be made with knees alone, leaving the hands free to cope with captive fish, metal oddments, etc. As we are also told to avoid undue exertion, such as mounting stairs, while wearing respirators, it might be advisable for the return journey to fix up some kind of pulley and hook with which to hoist the impedimenta mentioned. (The aunts would much enjoy this part of the routine after a time.) You yourself would swarm up the pole after the manner of an Arab date-picker.

* * * *

Q. A rather special highbrow friend of mine tells me that one's character is indicated by the sort of thing one chooses as sweets ration. Last week after I had bought two 2½d. bars filled with peppermint cream, I found that he had spent his points on fruit gums. Does this mean that we would never be suited to each other?

THOUGHTFUL.

A. I can hardly say "never," the future being hidden even from the wisest of us, but it would certainly have been more promising if the gentleman in whom you are interested had chosen humbugs.

* * * *

Q. I do wish I could get my husband to look smarter in his decontamination squad clothing. He seems so bulky. Personally I think his hat comes too far down as well, though he says it is all right. I was quite embarrassed when I saw him in our Rubber Dinghy Week march-past, and I do feel that the squad as a whole might carry something a little more uplifting than a shovel in these civic processions.

CLORETTE BOSSEY (Mrs.).

A. I don't know your husband but, judging from what you say, I should imagine it to be a question of underwear. Secretive little vests with opera tops and tiny panties that furl the hips in a sheath which is cosy yet absolutely benevolent to the bonniest torso continue on sale at Steppinham and Peabody's, while for the hat and shovel



"That's all for to-day, Edwards—we're home again now!"



"Now remember, when the Colonel wishes you all a Merry Christmas, stand steady—not a move... and don't let me hear no one murmuring 'Same to you'!"

trouble I suggest you try to look on the bright side as I do not think anything can be done.

* * * *

Q. One of my brother's wives recently lost her dingo (shown all over the world as "Wagga-wagga Alice") and is beginning to talk of getting another. We would like, as a family, to present her with some other type of pet, preferably one which does not require large quantities of butcher's meat. Could you make a suggestion? Ethel is secretary to a firm of funeral furnishers. Her hobbies are horoscopes, bicycling and tatting.

FLORA MOWER (Miss).

A. I would be inclined to give her one or two mice. Despite a widespread belief to the contrary, the mouse makes an admirable boudoir pet, and one meets with a good many lady fanciers these days. Delightful little specimens may be obtained from breeders recommended by the National Mouse Club, from any accredited mousery, or from your own skirting-boards if you are

willing to expend a little time and energy, and should hold an additional attraction for your sister-in-law as enabling her to take up the fascinating science of myomancy—divination of the future by observing the movements of mice. She could tat little covers for the tops of the cages. As for bicycling, one well-known exhibitor told me she invariably cycled with a set of mice on top of the basket attached to her handle-bars. They held on by their paws and appeared to enjoy the ride.

* * * *

Q. Since our daughter of twenty joining the Women's Land Army she seems unable to converse about anything but layer's cramp, broody coops, roup, gapes and pip. Is it your opinion that close contact with Nature makes for coarseness? When asked what she intended to do on her twenty-first birthday, she said she might begin digging a silo beneath our floral clock, which seems to me so morbid. Her last allowance she spent on a patent crumbly cutter and two stone of pink

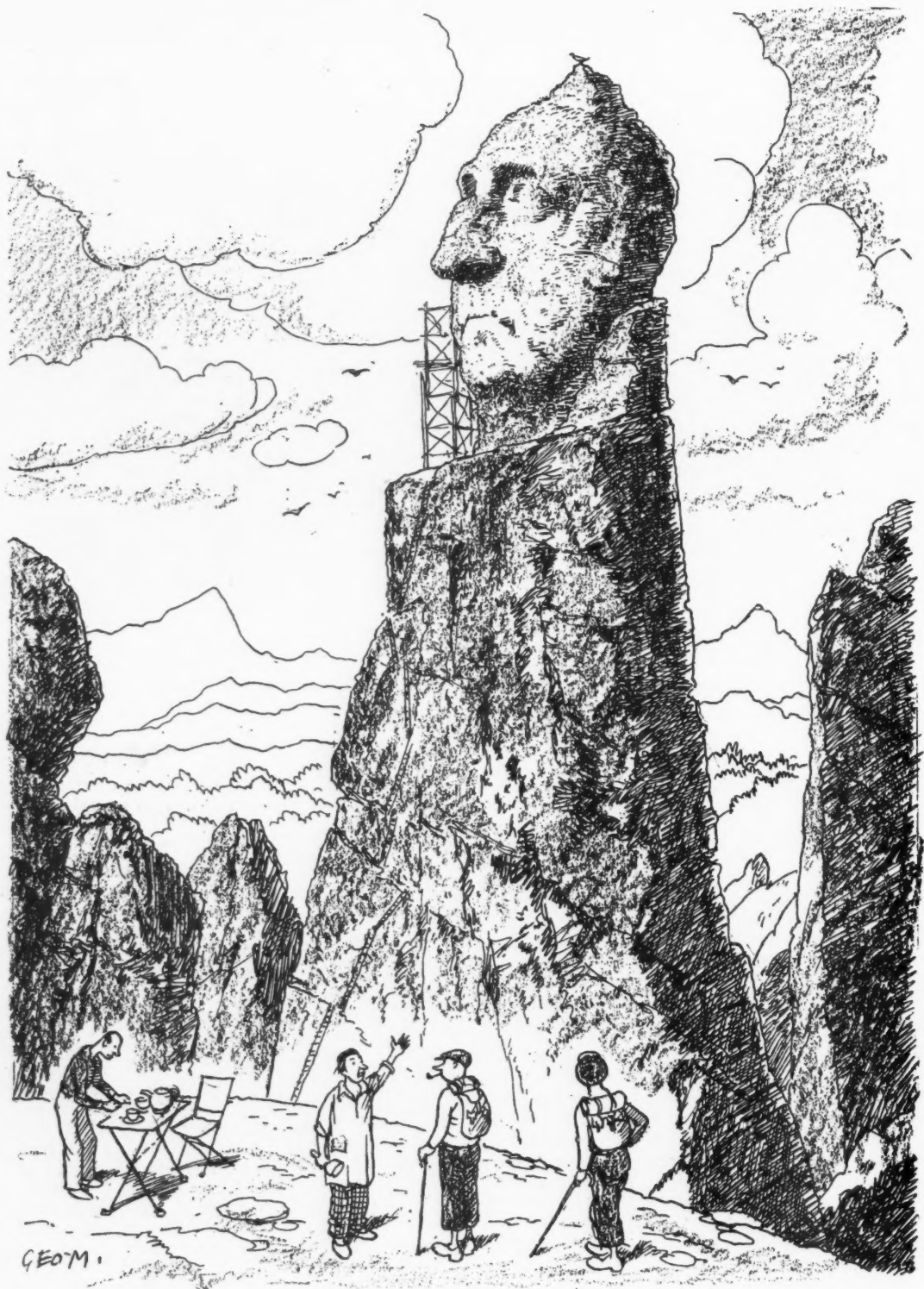
grit. Ought I to have her psycho-analysed? She is quite happy, so far as I can judge.

TITLED MOTHER.

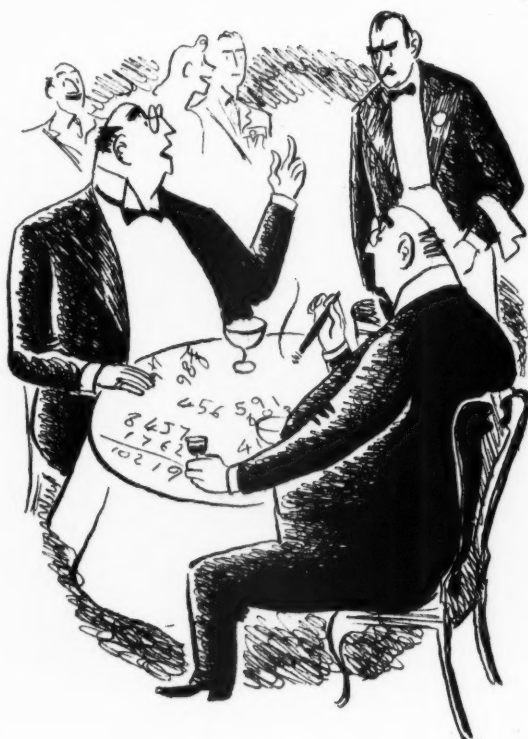
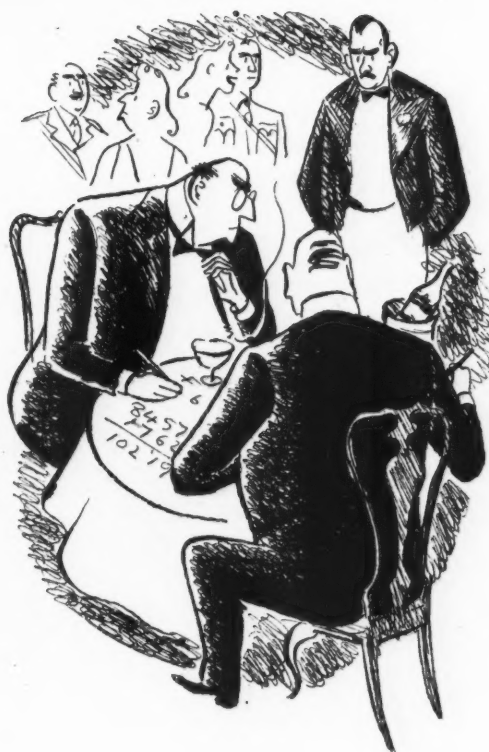
A. It would certainly appear that your daughter's interests lie with the less savoury aspect of poultry-keeping. All the same, there is no accounting for tastes; it just happens that crumbly cutters and layer's cramp are the kind of thing the girl finds fascinating. Maybe she has been poultry-starved from infancy. If you dock her in this respect now you may have her sabotaging root crops or wilfully disseminating tomato canker, cucumber blotch, etc. No, psycho-analysis might only serve to stir up what is best left to the subconscious. Leave Nature alone; we cannot afford to play with her.

o o

THE little man was heard to utter,
"When next you're passing this way,
waiter,
Bring me an extra pat of butter."
Of course they shot him as a traitor.



"I did it from a photograph."





Naval Wings

IF you should stroll down Whitehall way
Casting a curious eye
On this and that, your glance may fall
Upon a colonnaded wall,
And over it, set high
Above the massive central gate,
Two strange sea-monsters perched in stato.

For nigh two hundred years they've kept
The Admiralty door
While Nelson, Collingwood and Keith
And old John Jervis passed beneath
And many a hundred more
Who faced the battle and the breeze
That we might ride and rule the seas.

Some long-dead sculptor's skilful hand
Fashioned those scaly steeds
With fish-like tails that they might wear
The suitably aquatic air
An Admiralty needs . . .
That's very clear, but can you tell
Just why he gave them wings as well?

I think perhaps that sculptor pierced
The veil of things to be
And seeing some far-distant day
Where new and mortal danger lay
For those who ride the sea,
He carved and set a warning there
That we must also rule the air! J. S. H.



JSHICKS



"We had it down for July, but what with the Committee Meetings and Salvage Drives we've only just been able to fit it in!"

Being Funny

THE other day I saw a man nearly choke himself to death laughing over a funny piece in a paper. I found myself intensely interested in this.

I thought how nice it would be if I could write funny pieces for the papers that would make people nearly choke to death. Finally I decided to do this. Having resolved to be funny, the next thing was to find out how to be it.

So I went to my Uncle Charles, who knows all the replies.

"I feel it is my mission in life to be funny, Uncle," I said humbly. "How would you advise me to set about it?"

Uncle Charles looked at me carefully and tweaked his chin.

"The recipe for success in all departments of life, my boy," he assured me solemnly, "is simply—Be yourself! Look at me!"

I looked.

"I should never have been what I am to-day if I had not been myself," said Uncle Charles.

I could not deny this.

"My boy," he continued, very moved, "you must be yourself!"

I felt that too. He patted me on the head.

"That is my counsel to you. Be yourself!"

I thanked him very much but not very warmly.

The next person I approached was Edwin, who wears horn-rimmed glasses, looks like a cod, and knows what is wrong with any play and civilization.

"As a dramatic critic, Edwin," I said, "you should know a great deal about being funny."

This tactful opening did not go so well as I had expected, so I proceeded rapidly to the purpose of my visit. Edwin sighed.

"Listen," he said patiently. "There are only two classes of people in this world. There are those who know how to do what they intend to do, and there are those who don't know how to do what they think they would like to do. The first class succeed and you can't stop 'em with dynamite. The second class don't succeed and you can't make 'em with dynamite."

"You mean," I said, "if I'm funny I'll be funny and if I'm not funny I won't be funny?"

He nodded wearily.

"Well, which am I?" I asked.

He peered at me over his glasses in a hopeless way.

"That's the funny part about it," he said despairingly; and nothing would persuade him to say a word more.

So I went to see a psychologist.

"Well," he said, "the point is, do we laugh because we are amused, or are we amused because we laugh? Because on the answer to that question depends the whole technique of laughter-inducing. For instance, try shaping your mouth into a smile one morning when you are not feeling particularly cheerful, and you will find that your mood will improve. Now, on the same analogy—"

"I see that," I said quickly, "but do you mean my best plan to succeed would be to go around training people to form their faces into smiles? How would I know what they were laughing at? Besides, I never heard of a humorist who wasn't funny but only made people move their facial muscles this way or that. It seems to me a funny way of being funny."

Altogether, the psychologist did not help me greatly, I somehow feel.

So that, what with one thing and another, and my career as a funny man being still in the air, I gradually became rather despondent.

Naturally, therefore, I went round to see Maisie, because Maisie is the sort of person you go and see when you feel gloomy.

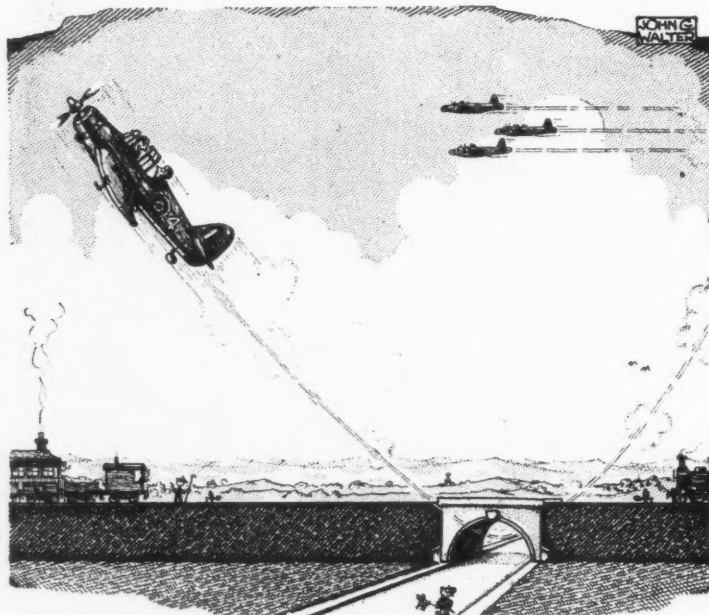
And somehow, what with my being—as usual—cheered up by Maisie, and realizing what a good sort she was, and suddenly discovering too that the shape of her nose was rather sweet, I finished the evening by finding myself asking her to marry me.

Whereat Maisie went off into peals of quite nice laughter, and presently sat up, wiping her eyes.

"How funny you are!" she cried. "I shall die laughing at you, you funny man!"

Which of course is all right in a way, but at the same time, I mean to say, have I got to go around asking everybody to marry me to be sure of getting the laughs?

I suppose so.



"That's five bob you owe me!"

"PORK SAUSAGES AND PORK PIES
MADE IN THE HOME-MADE WAY WITH PORK"
Sussex Paper.

Not with guinea-pig, like the shop ones.



"We'll need a holiday after this."



J.W. TAYLOR

Times Aren't What They Were.

ONCE upon a time—and you will be surprised to hear that it was this very time we are living in now, so rightly classed among the times called stirring—there was a king.

He had neither been dethroned, liquidated, taken refuge in England, nor abdicated. He was, perhaps for this reason, a merry old soul.

Like everybody else, he had abandoned a good many of the formalities of life, such as dressing for what used once to be dinner and now isn't—but cabbage is good for us all and oatmeal better still—and he had been abandoned by his servants, like the rest of us, and also—as it happened—by his evacuees, who found the palace dull because it was in the country. This last deprivation he bore really the best of all.

One of his more informal ways was to shout for what he wanted, because if he used the house-telephone he was always told: There is up to three and a half hours' delay. You'll be rung later.

And later was the word all right.

But if he shouted there was always a hope that the lady-gardener, who was replacing the five men who'd been called up, the three who were in munitions, and the one who was commanding the Home Guard, might hear him. (It wasn't *absolutely* certain because, being over seventy, her hearing wasn't all it had been at twenty, as she said herself—but there was a chance of it.)

Well, one evening, this old man, or King, elected to shout for the lady-gardener out of the study window (it hadn't yet been blacked-out, of course), and when she appeared, with a cactus in one hand and some carrots in the other and a pair of shears firmly gripped between her teeth, he asked for a bowl.

The lady-gardener was a woman rather of one idea—and this was, very fortunately, the idea of her job—so she went straight to what had been the glasshouse before some careless German had dropped bombs on it, probably thinking it was *stained* glass, and got a bulb-bowl.

The King seemed disappointed and pointed out the already obvious fact that the bowl was empty.

The lady-gardener explained that bulbs weren't as easy to get as all that, and tomatoes were more important, and in any case she hadn't got more than one pair of hands and couldn't

grow hothouse grapes and pineapples in times like these, especially without any heating.

The King pooh-poohed grapes and pineapples and ignored tomatoes altogether, and explained that he'd really wanted a drink and thought punch would be nice on this cold summer's evening.

It was at once made clear to him that lemons were unobtainable, sugar needed for jam, and that strong drink cost about three pounds for a half-bottle if you'd been a customer for more than ten years and were prepared to take what the wine-merchant could spare you, when you could get it.

Still merry, the courageous old gentleman said Very well, he'd have bread-and-milk in the bowl, and would she bring a pipe as well?

After a little misunderstanding, in which the lady-gardener brought lead-piping and asked if she should turn on the water, he got an ordinary clay-pipe.

He was also told that tobacco wasn't available, but the post office hoped to get some next week.

Matches he could *not* have, but a small piece of paper that was too greasy for salvage was found and could be used as a spill.

The dauntless monarch accepted all this without spreading alarm or despondency of any kind—and let this be an example to you all.

He did feel, however, that the lady-gardener was rather lacking in some respects, and he said What about some music to liven things up?

So she switched on the radio and, after striking a few references to a Fourth Front being opened towards the middle of September 1950, they tuned in to what sounded like a violin trio.

"It isn't," said the King, "a tune that I recognize."

The lady-gardener, who had great-nephews and nieces, said that it was a song called "My Blue Baby Goes Honk, Wonk, Hi! in the Night."

"Try again," said the King.

The fiddlers, as though they'd heard him, did try again, and this time they achieved what the lady-gardener said was a love-song from one of our Allies at one of the Poles, she wasn't sure which one.

As a matter of fact she was utterly wrong, and it turned out to be a commentary from a Commentator, situated in mid-Atlantic, talking about fuel.

The old King, merry to the last, declared that in future he would be known as Old King *Coal* instead of *Cole*, as that seemed to be about all the fuel the Palace could hope for.

He then went off to take the Throne at an A.R.P. conference, still laughing at his own wit—but the lady-gardener barely smiled at all. E. M. D.

Fuel Economy

OH, when the war at last is won,
What wondrous things shall
then be done

By others and by me!

Some shall replenish empty stocks

Of claret, Burgundy and hocks

From France and Germany;

Some shall demand their winter cruise
And sunbathe, idle, flirt and booze—

The lazy nincompoops;

Some shall resuscitate their lawns;

Where sit the-roots or wave the awns

Shall gleam the croquet hoops.

Others (Vansittart will be one)

Will shriek "Excoriate the Hun;

And flay the Japanese!"

Put Mussolini in a cage

And mock at Admiral Horthy's rage

When they begin to tease.

Many will throng their modiste's
rooms

And order dresses, suits, costumes,

Evening and slumber garb;

Others will swim far out of reach

(Now I can only find the beach

When I have crossed the barb).

Some will repair their damaged gates

And reafforest their estates

With larch and beech and ash;

Others maybe will merely try

To carry on and satisfy

Their creditors with cash.

Some will reconstitute the maps

Of European lands, perhaps

Consulting Czechs and Poles;

Others by electricity

Will shave and curl their hair and fry

And warm their casseroles.

Others will dine on turtle soup, on

Sirloins of beef (no need for coupon)

Or other luscious joints,

On salmon (smoked) and caviar

And *pâté* in its monstrous jar

(All without use of points).

But we, the genuine epicures,

No hedonistic amateurs,

Appreciate what's what,

And every morning, every night

The dampers out, the heater bright,

Our baths shall all be hot.



"Oi! You mustn't go in there without seein' the sentry."

REGIMENTAL CONCERT

Forgiveness



The Colonel shouts at us—



the Captain shouts at us—



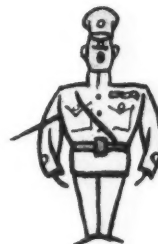
and the Corporal shouts at us too:



the Major shouts at us—



and the Adjutant shouts at us—



and so does the R.S.M.:



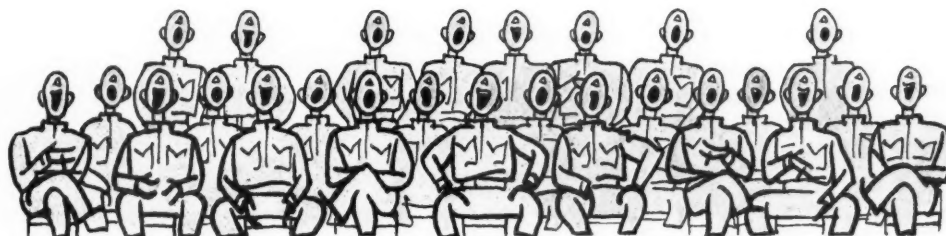
then the General shouts at us—



and the Subaltern shouts at us—



and even . . . wait for it . . . the Sergeant:



so it's easy to see why we like spending an evening like this.

DOUGLAS,





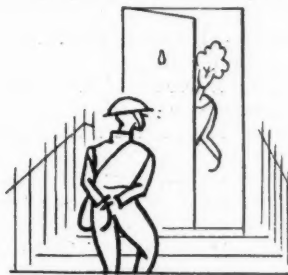


"I could use the juggler."

After three years of war it is now possible to arrive at a fairly accurate analysis of the causes of lights in black-outs—



In 5 per cent. of the cases examined, it was owing to having just moved in that day—



and in 3 per cent. it was owing to not really moving in till to-morrow . . .



in 6 per cent. it was really Mr. So-and-So's bouse, and when he went away he forgot to make some arrangement or other—



in 12 per cent. it was my daughter's room, and she's only here occasionally—



in 11 per cent. it had always been like that, and no one had ever complained before—



while in another 11 per cent. you people were always coming round complaining about something—



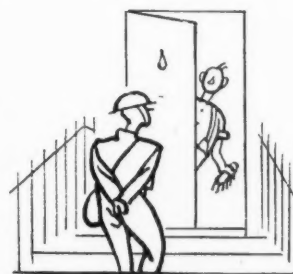
in 5 per cent. I'd been a warden myself for a bit, so I knew all about it—



in 10 per cent. no one had been in that room all the evening—



and in 13 per cent. I didn't speak English—



in 13 per cent. one of the Services was in occupation and so the complaint should have been made through the usual channels, if only there had been any—



and in 5 per cent., if you'd come through to the back, I'd show you a very much worse one 'that's been blazing' there all the evening—



while, finally, in '0002 per cent. it was due to someone's carelessness.

The General Surrenders.

CORPORAL WIMPEY is one of the most popular chaps in our unit, his popularity being based solely upon an ability to cap any story with a better one of his own.

The other night we were reminiscing about the first Libyan campaign when in walks Wimpey. Within two seconds he had picked up the gist of the conversation, and a second later came the inevitable "I knew a bloke who . . ."

This is the tale Wimpey told, with the swear-words and Service slang translated into grammatical English.

It was December 1940, and the Imperial troops were cutting their way through the Italians like a hot knife through so much butter. The Wops, at that time, had little stomach for the sand, or the heat, or the British bayonets, and every day hundreds of them were surrendering after putting up little or no fight.

General Primo Nichollo Bessarabina Pilchero Mazzinerina, Commander of the Wolves of Tuscany, was brooding upon this as he dined in his headquarters—a wooden shack, one of the few buildings still standing in the ruined village of El Murhus.

The general didn't look in the least like a Wolf of Tuscany as he sat there, using a very small teaspoon to ladle tomatoes from a tin. On the contrary, he looked a very tired, very miserable, little old gentleman.

He was sick to death of the heat, the sand, the flies, the mosquitoes, the shortage of drinking-water, the eternal tinned food. . . . He was sick of the whole wretched affair—a war which his country would lose equally whether they were the victors or the vanquished. He was sick of the attacks of the British troops, the desertion of his own men, the hurried exits from place after place as the advancing British pressed relentlessly on his heels.

What wouldn't he give for one really first-class meal, a good glass of wine, a cool bath, a long rest between clean white sheets! Alas! those things were not for him. Nor for his men.

His men? There were hardly any of them left. Most of them had already surrendered to the enemy.

Surrender? Clean sheets, fresh food . . .

The general stroked his beard thoughtfully—that luxuriant beard which had caused him to be nicknamed Wire-whiskers by the mocking British Press. He crossed to the window. Outside, the sun was sinking

behind the battered ruins of this indefensible outpost.

A soldier entered to clear the table.

"Anything else, sir?"

Lost in thought, the general shook his head.

Then, when the other had gone, he crossed quickly to the door and wedged it in place with a chair. His brief-case lay on another chair. He picked it up and emptied it, letting the maps and papers lie where they fell. In their place he packed half a dozen tins of those infernal never-ending tomatoes.

His mind was made up. Let those who had engineered this war of sweat and discomfort do the fighting. He was going to follow the example of his men.

What else would he need? Pyjamas—ah, a long time since he had slept in those. A toothbrush. He examined his water-bottle. It was full.

Daybreak the next morning found the general striding out across the desert as fast as his tubby little legs would carry him. He had covered a lot of distance during the hours of darkness. El Murhus must be already a dozen kilometres behind him.

As the sun rose he saw directly ahead of him two armoured cars. For a moment he hesitated. He knew from their design that these were British vehicles.

As he drew nearer he saw a pair of legs protruding from beneath one of the vehicles. Another man was bending over the engine, his head lost in the entrails. No one appeared to observe the general's approach.

The general stood beside the armoured cars, unnoticed, and not quite knowing what to do for the best. His boots were burnt behind him now.

Plucking up courage, he walked across to the man whose head was lost in the bowels of the vehicle, and tapped him on the shoulder. The man started, and banged his head as he emerged from the depths. Rubbing the injured spot with a grimy hand, he turned towards the general and swore loud and long in good solid Cockney English.

The general waited patiently for him to finish. Then, in his best English, he introduced himself.

"I am General Primo Nichollo Bessarabina Pilchero Mazzinerina, officer commanding the Wolves of Tuscany. I am here to surrender unconditionally."

"Strike me pink!"

The Britisher bent down, and,

seizing his companion by the ankles, dragged him from beneath the car. "Here, you listen to this," he said.

The general repeated his little speech.

A truculent expression came over the second man's face.

"If this is your idea of a joke——"

"But I am not joking," protested the general.

"Who did you say you were?"

For the third time the general announced himself.

The two Britishers looked at each other and both burst out laughing.

"Well, strike me pink," repeated the Cockney, "if this ain't the giddy limit! Sorry, General Primo Whassername, but we can't do a thing for you. We're stuck here ourselves. The others have gone back to the base. You'd better follow 'em, cock. And when you get there, remind 'em that we're still here—and tell 'em we've run out of fags."

"Where is your base?"

The man waved his hand vaguely in the direction of the horizon, then both went back to their work.

There was nothing more to be said. Once more the general set off across the desert.

The sun rose higher and higher in the sky. The sand ahead seemed to shimmer and dance in the heat. The armoured cars had long since disappeared in the distance behind.

Little beads of sweat kept gathering on the general's forehead and trickling down into his beard. A blister was forming on his heel, making every step increasing agony. Head down, the general plodded doggedly on.

Presently, away to his right, he spotted a cluster of buildings—ruined stone buildings, and tents, and vehicles. Was this the base camp of which the Britishers had spoken? Or was it just a mirage—a figment of imagination conjured up by his tired brain?

Hoping against hope, he changed direction towards the tents, limping painfully. Every moment he expected to see the tents and vehicles disappear before him.

But no! They were tents—real tents! And real cars! And there were men moving about.

There was a barbed-wire pallisade round the camp, and as the general approached, a gate in the pallisade opened and half a dozen lorries swung out across the desert. They were packed with men—Italians—and on the back of each lorry, guarding the Italians, was a burly Britisher.

The general waited for the lorries to pass and the dust to subside before approaching the gateway. A lanky Australian stood on guard. The general walked up to him.

"I am General Primo Nichollo Bessarabina Pilehero Mazzinerina, officer commanding the Wolves of Tuscany. I desire to surrender."

"Sorry, chum, but you'll have to come back to-morrow."

"But I wish to surrender," persisted the general.

"Sorry, chum. I've got my orders." The Australian jerked his thumb towards the barbed wire. "We've got more prisoners in there now than we know what to do with."

"But I am General Primo Nichollo Bessarabina Pilchero Mazzinerina."

"It wouldn't help if you were the Duce himself, chum. There's seven generals inside there now. Now will you come back to-morrow?"

Wearily and miserable, the general limped away.

Sand, sand, sand, then sand again; sand and more sand; always sand as far as the eye could see—and always the sun pouring down. On and on. Sand and sun—sun and sand.

The general didn't know where he was, why he was where he was, or what was the time. His wrist-watch had stopped.

Ever and again he would sip from his water-bottle. A tin of those wretched tomatoes was his only food.

Then, coming towards him, he saw a cloud of dust—a column of marching men. As they came nearer he saw that they were his own countrymen, members of that famous unit, the Iron Men of Albania. But where were their officers? Where were their weapons?

He hailed them in Italian.

"Where are you going? Where are your rifles?"

"We are prisoners," one of them called out to him.

"Prisoners? Prisoners? But where are your guards?"

"He's back there," the man called back, and, as the caterpillar of men passed, the general saw, a long way off, walking a little apart from the prisoners, a lone soldier, his rifle slung, a slouch hat on his head.

The general waited while the long column of men filed past. Then, as the guard also came by, he fell into step beside him.

"I am General Primo Nichollo Bessarabina Pilchero Mazzinerina," he announced. "I wish to surrender."

"That's all right by me, buddy," replied the other, grinning cheerfully. "Fall in on the end."

So the general, brief-case in hand,

fell in on the end of the column. At last—a prisoner!

Nightfall found the column still on the march. Stars twinkled above in a cloudless sky. It was cold in the desert once the sun had gone down.

Presently, the Australian gave the order for them to rest awhile. The general was glad. He was tired out, and his blistered heel was extremely painful.

The prisoners sat or lay in the sand, which was still warm from the scorching sunlight. They chatted and smoked, sipped from their water-bottles, and ate whatever fragments of food they possessed.

The general exchanged his tins of tomatoes for some dry bread. It was the first bread he had tasted for weeks. A few sips from his water-bottle, a few puffs of another man's cigarette, and he stretched out in the sand. Two minutes later he was fast asleep.

When he awoke the stars had gone and the first faint haze of a new day was creeping across the desert.

The general looked round for his fellow-prisoners. They had gone!

At that moment the general felt very near to tears.

Once again he was alone in the desert, and again he set off across the sand, hoping against hope that he would encounter some outpost, British or Italian, before the sun reached its midday strength. He could not stand another grilling from its merciless rays. He would go mad.

As the sun shot into the sky the general stopped in amazement, stroking his beard perplexedly. Those ruins ahead of him looked vaguely familiar. From one of them flew a tattered flag—

the flag of Italy. He was back at his starting-point—El Murhus!

The sound of gun-fire came to his ears. Two tanks crossed the skyline, heading towards the battered little township. A cloud of dust further off betrayed the presence of more tanks.

Even as the general watched, the Italian flag disappeared and a white flag appeared in its place. Two minutes later the red, white and blue of the Union Jack replaced the white flag of surrender.

The little Italian general felt a tear coursing down his cheek. Sadly he shook his head. Poor Italy! How she was suffering! All through the wicked ambitions of one foolish man. How much happier they had all been as a second-class nation, without an empire, without a Duce, and without a war on their hands.

A cloud of dust came careering across the desert. It stopped and cleared to reveal an armoured car.

Two men jumped from it and came towards the general, revolvers in their hands.

"Hard luck, General Mazzinerina!" said the taller of the two. "Clever of you to try to get away on your own, on foot. Too bad for you that we spotted you through the binoculars. We demand your surrender."

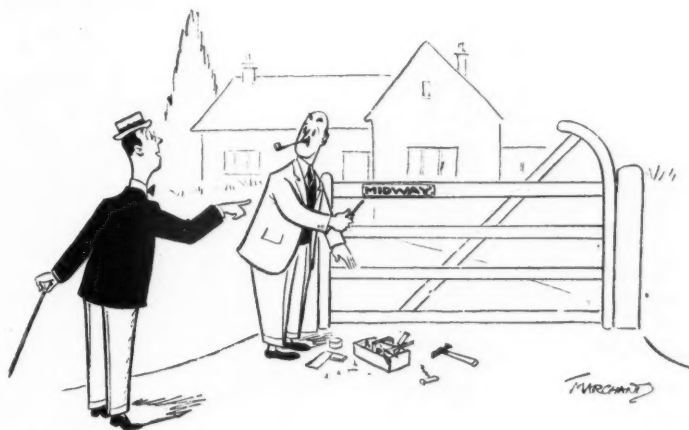
The general nodded, and limped slowly towards the armoured car, a pathetic little figure with a dirty face.

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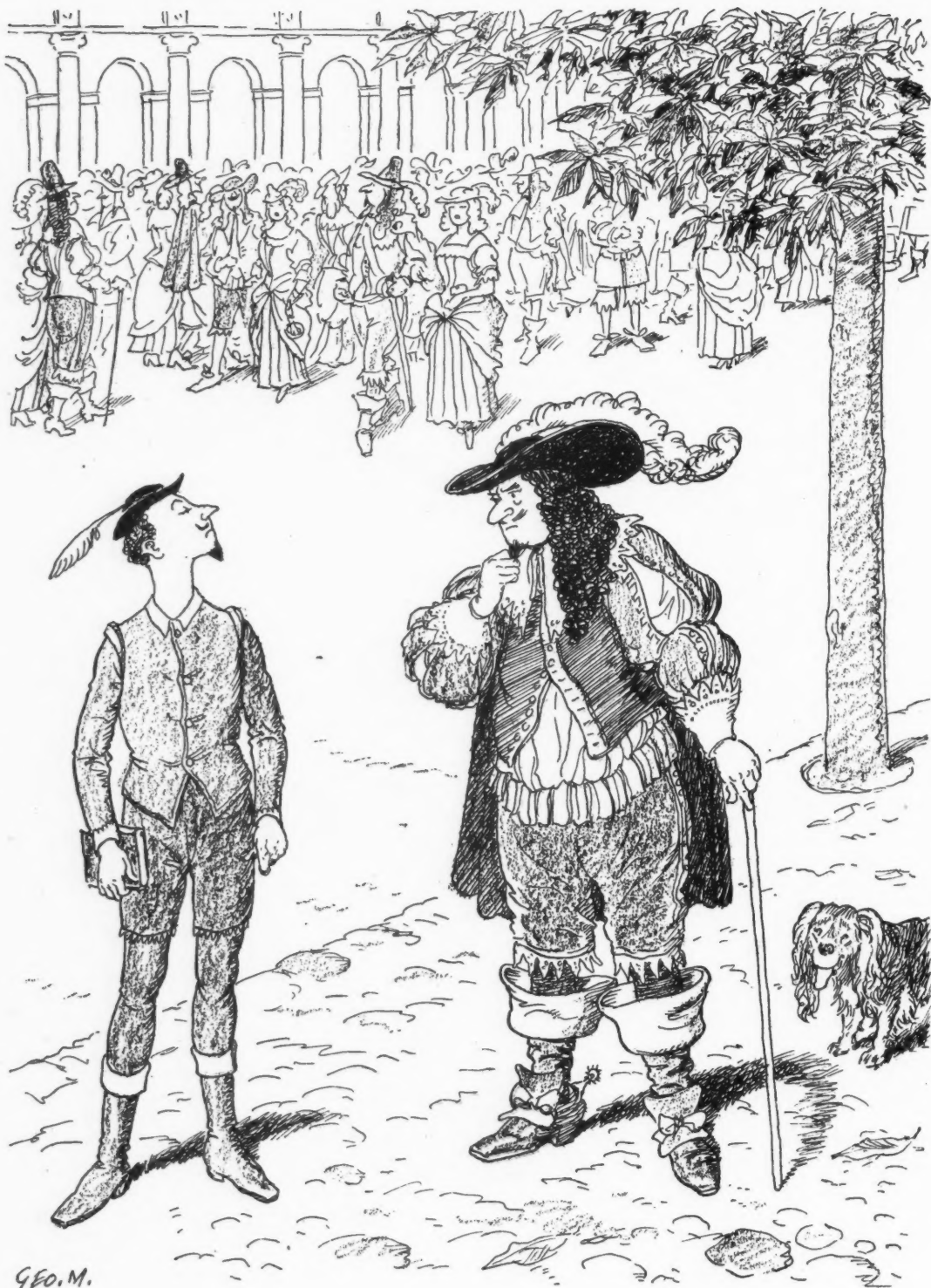
Where To Send Your Complaints

"Recently Mr. Minney has been editing The War, which he founded."

Evening Paper.



"Excuse me, Sir, oughtn't it to be a little more THAT way?"



"What's that? Utility suit? Bit ostentatious, don't you think?"

The Green is Fresh.

IN the nineties there were parts of England grim rather than gay, even though trade was good. Of such was Pie Lane, whose inhabitants were divided into two camps—those who tended towards vehement chapel-going and those who packed the Dog Inn. At that time the Dog sizzled with an aura of low sport. Betting was *not* prohibited. Whether an ouzling match (an earlier and more intertwined form of all-in wrestling which did not bar the windpipe-lock) or a question as to which of two flies would first alight on a piece of sugar, the money was down thick and heavy.

Butcher was the landlord of the Dog in those days and, as a young man, Tom Gee came to him as potman. Butcher maintained a rough-and-ready justice. A year or so after Tom's arrival, having discovered that his greenkeeper was cheating him, he picked up the man and ejected him by way of an unopened window. There was some slight protest from various people, including a passer-by who was nearly hit, but Butcher rode robustly over the issue. He sent Tom to the glazier's for new glass, told him to call at the joiner's and order a new window-frame and, upon his return, appointed him greenkeeper on the spot. Tom did not know the second thing about greenkeeping, but he did know the first, and that was never to cross your employer.

He applied himself assiduously to his new task, prompted by a growing love for the work and an exacting standard from above. Butcher insisted that the green ran like silk. If a bowl as much as jolted in its progress his wrath descended sanguinely. During these explosions he had a habit of picking up the bowl and squeezing it until the sap almost ran. Accordingly, Tom laboured long and hard, coaxing, knitting and almost going down on his knees and shaving the square piece of turf. Perhaps this was necessary, as pale-faced miners and cotton-workers in stocking feet played the crown-green game for as much as £100 aside. Summer gone by, they played in winter. They played with snow falling on the green, buckets of hot water being brought to dip the encumbered bowls. Gathering darkness did not stop them; a white handkerchief was placed near the jack, followed by candles if necessary. Neither east winds, north winds, storm nor tempest stopped them once a game had begun. The

money was down, and had a man-eating tiger suddenly appeared on the green it would scarcely have held up the proceedings, unless to settle a wager as to which of its stripes were the more numerous, the yellow or black.

And in the whole weft and warp of it Butcher held unopposed sway locally. He was an apostle of the science of retaliation. Having learned that a bowler of his had been beaten by trickery in an away match, he had Tom out of bed by 3 A.M. on the morning of the return game, and in the light of dawn the two of them heavily watered parts of the green so that their own man would know patches where the bowls would pull up quickly. In minor races prior to a big sprint his runners competed with their spiked shoes secretly weighted, the object being a better handicap. Others did it, so did he. When a dealer sold him a doctored trotting-horse he followed the man to Ireland in an attempt to square the account, and only failed because the dealer had taken boat to America. Such was his creed, such the environment and such the era.

Still, those days are gone. The beautifying mist of time has fallen over the period. Viciousness is now seen to be shot with romance. Butcher is long dead, covered by a white marble stone ornate with knobs, urns and a couple of angels. Pie Lane, the Dog Inn and the industrial north in general to-day are bowdlerized. Some years ago the brewery owning the Dog agreed to sell the bowling-green to the municipality; Butcher's ghost was

probably behind the move, match-players were occupying valuable space for as low as £5. The authorities separated the green from the inn and surrounded it with flowers and shrubs. The fixtures were new-painted and seats were placed round. At present only one tie connects the old with the new: Tom Gee, now approaching eighty, is still greenkeeper. They send a man up to mow for him, but Tom closely superintends. He is a bit of a tyrant himself these days.

And this much can be said, that a cool sequestered spot has been created in a district of smoke, moil and demented architecture. It is the triumph of those who advocate the quieter pleasures. You turn by Hollaron's sauce and pickle factory, along Dolly-tub Lane and debouch into the nearest thing locally to a cathedral close. In their leisure hours men from the coal-pits and women on gun-cotton sit and find refreshment. For green is surely the most restful colour. And when the sun begins to drop, and the shadow of the flag-pole steals diagonally across the green, and the stocks gush up their perfume, and twilight bloom makes indigo pockets in the distant hills, the fret of everyday existence is temporarily forgotten.

So too is Hitler, although the chump nearly wrecked it all. One of his earliest bombs on the district dropped just outside the green and took a piece from the turf. It was afterwards patched, but on the morning following the bomb's descent Tom Gee was most upset. Various council officials had gathered to inspect the damage and Tom kept threading his way between them, plainly not satisfied about something. He was muttering to himself and darting ferocious looks until it became obvious that he thought some form of reprisal should be performed, not by the Government but by someone present. As he persisted in his attitude one of the party good-humouredly asked—what could they do? The question, although it floored Tom, only heightened his irascibility. He goggled at first, but soon something began to well in the crevices of his old mind that told him that an answer was forthcoming. It surged and surged until at last Tom knew that he had a reply more satisfying than mere logic. His whiskers bristled and he glared at the company.

"Owd Butch would ha' done summat!" he snapped.



"It's all very well to say 'save three buckets of water a day'—but where can I put them?"



"Balliol may be a bit earlier, but this is one of the oldest Ministries in the University."



"Let's see—sail gives way to steam—or is it the other way round?"

British Industries at War

The Stars Look Down and Out.

(Mr. Punch's Special Reporter resumes his tour of Industrial Britain at the "Angostura Arms," Llanelly.)

ALICE Wallace looked at the clock ticking inexorably towards final victory and gave a little nervous gasp. It was almost three o'clock. "There is a fine thing, surely," she thought, "if Jim Wallace was to come out-by and him not having enough watter to rid himself of the grime of Vincent No. 2 Pit." More coals were thrown under the copper-boiler. They were good coals these—you could tell by the cleat. Then Alice ran to the little window, drew aside the print curtains and looked along the rough cobbled street. The slate-covered cottages looked like the toe-nails of some monster. Long black shadows, projected by the surrealist headgear of "Old Vincent," sprawled over the rooftops. The street was full of men—men heavy with responsibility and coal-dust. Once again the news had been bad. The Cairo *communiqué* had merely said, "The position is best described as not unsatisfactory." To these men the news of Britain's shortage of coal came as a shock to their personal pride. They were working as they had never worked before.

Jim Wallace, the whites of his eyes pinched and drawn and contrasting

sharply with the macabre blackness of his face and garments, pushed open the little gate bearing the one word "Cartref," pushed open the little door of the scullery, pushed open the little door of the kitchen and threw out his arms.

"Don't ye dare touch me wi' your muck on, Jim Wallace," said Alice. "Ye be washin' t' precious coal from your poor body. An' don't be leavin' t' soap in t' watter." Alice spoke in the peculiar dialect of those who have lived a third of their lives in Motherwell, two-fifths in Wigan and about four-fifteenths in Llanelly. Then she went into the lounge to add the finishing touches to the meal she had prepared.

"Wumman, d' ye not know tha' Jim Wallace's go' a back?" came a great voice from the kitchen.

"There is fine babby y' are and cannot wesh y'self then," said Alice. But she came running quickly enough and kneeling by the tin hip-bath she did what thousands of women were doing at that moment—what colliers' women-folk have been doing for hundreds of years—she wiped her husband's back with the flannel.

That simple scene, readers, is typical. You may read a thousand books on

coal-mining but you will never understand colliers until you have had a woman wipe your back with a flannel. Dr. Cronin and D. H. Lawrence both got theirs done through an agency, which is not the same thing at all.

But what are the collieries doing? That is what you will want to know. Listen then to the authentic voice of the miner. One manager reports: "We are getting out more coal than ever before. Next month we are starting a new scheme to recover the slack which the men take home in their ears and boots. All our miners will be dry-cleaned before leaving the colliery. It is estimated that some fifteen tons of coal will be saved for the nation each year by this innovation."

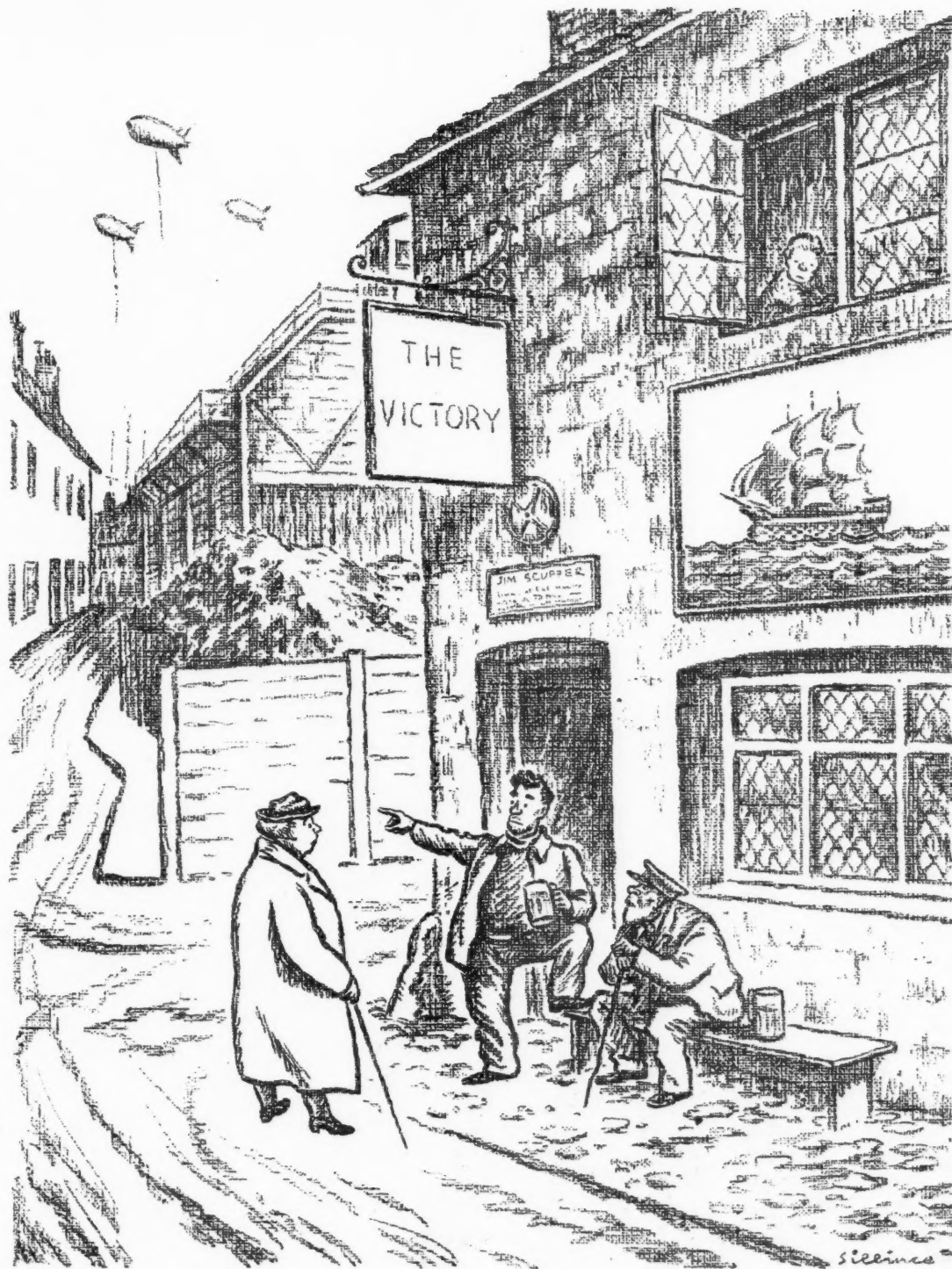
A shot-fireman said, "We are ready for anything. Our air-raid precautions are perfect. Our black-out, particularly in the lower seams, is most effective. There is, however, an acute shortage of pit-ponies. Most of them have been commandeered by the directors to replace their motor-cars."

An old collier of Merthyr Tydfil looked suspiciously at my notebook, spat neatly and accurately, wiped a wisp of anthracite from his moustaches and complained: "All as they do is preach. Why the devil can't they do summat to make minin' a bit more comfortable? Have you ever heard of a 'Colliers' Playtime' or 'Music While You Dig'? No, 'course not. They factory workers is mollycoddled wi' canteens an' celebrities until I reckon they're saft. We could do wi' a bit o' entertainment down t' pit, but t' stars don't look down, I reckon. We don't want fashionable leg-shows or what, but a troop o' nigger minstrels would go down a fair treat. Another thing—'bout this 'ere absenteeism—it's nobbut a lie. Why, us colliers work hundred per cent., not fifty-fifty. These blokes in factories and offices spends half their time polishin' their nails, suppin' in canteen, nippin' across the way for a chat or a quick un. Fancy Tom Evans, down in four-foot, sayin' to himself, 'I'll just go out-by and stroll over to Shuttleworth Seam an' read me paper for a bit.' Just fancy!"

There were tears in my eyes as I left the "Angostura Arms." I caught the first train back to London. As I write I am trying desperately to wipe my back with a flannel.



"Are you being attended to, Sir?"



"An' there I sees a torpedo, Lady, 'eadin' straight for us."
"Dear me! I DO hope it was one of ours."



"Your overtime, silly."



No News is Good News.

Judge Knows Astrology.

WHEN Charles P. Capricorn, well-known astrologer, was sentenced to three years' hard labour for pretending to foretell the future, he protested to Mr. Justice Quelch that the verdict and sentence were not in accordance with the stars. "I was born at 9.05 P.M. on July 18th, 1903," said the prisoner, "and this should be my lucky day." "Maybe it is," replied the judge; "who can tell?" The judge asked the prisoner if 9.05 P.M., the hour of his birth, was Daylight Saving Time, to which the latter indignantly replied that the stars are not interested in saving daylight. "They work at night," he explained. "Perhaps that is why they are so pale," said the judge. (Laughter.) "I think you are wrong," went on the judge, "when you say that the stars move in arrest of judgment. I find your record is stated quite clearly in the heavens. I try all my cases by astrology. In fact there would often be no case at all were it not for my little tips to the police."

Sees a Day Coming

"I see a day coming," declared Marvin Clute, President of the Better World Club, "when it will be as disgraceful to earn a living as not to earn one. In the Better World there will be something sordid about exchanging toil for cash. Mind you, it will be criminal to avoid work. But I think I may safely predict that many a man who is still alive will appear in the Better World courts on a charge of earning a living, from which courts he will be gently wafted to the Ideal Prisons. A moment's reflection should convince us that there is no sense in confusing the great blessing of toil, which builds the future and exercises our muscles, with the curse of money—a curse that buys us starchy foods and ill-conceived hats." Mr. Clute said he had no objection to children collecting coins as a hobby, provided they did not obtain the coins by earning them. "As a curiosity, coins are splendid. Bank-notes are pretty enough too," he admitted. On being asked by our reporter where our living would come from, Mr. Clute laughed modestly. "I see you have not read my book," he said. "Our living will come from the Better World Control Board."

A Useful Dodge

Mrs. T. Wentworth Hatch has written to suggest that each of us

might well attempt to forget one good poem a day during these trying times. "It would clear our minds for other things," she says. "We must make room up there in our heads."

Democracy: What Is It?

At a meeting of the United Democracy-Lovers, held in Manchester last night, Mr. Stringfellow Burt protested violently against the Government's policy of keeping official secrets from the voters. "Is this democratic?" asked Mr. Burt. "A thousand times no, or more. It is all very well to keep secrets from the enemy, although my friend Mr. Filbert has suggested, not without reason, that if we keep too many secrets from the enemy we shall never convert him to our way of thinking. An open manner in dealing with the Hun may well be the best way to disarm him. However, that is not my point. What I object to is the air of secrecy in these very islands, where every voter is actually fighting on the same side as the Government. I demand a public revelation of every plan the Government has made for the future. Naturally, the exact details of secret weapons cannot be divulged on paper or by wireless. I would be glad enough to call personally at Whitehall to receive such information by word of mouth. But broad general plans can be published in the Press. We could even burn our newspapers after reading them, if the authorities thought it best, though I am sure none of us send our papers to Germany." Mr. Burt said he would be the first to assist the Government in keeping secrets within the British Isles once they were issued to the voters in a proper manner. Mr. Filbert said he would gladly be the second.

Demand Third Front

The children of the East Bubblewick School for Prodigies held a mass meeting on Bubblewick Common last night, after which they marched through the village as a demonstration in favour of a third front. "We do not pretend to have any more information or military knowledge than Whitehall," declared Effie Pootle, aged eleven, "we merely think we may be more aware of the future. In any event, our demonstration will certainly cause the generals to see things in a new light,

which is all to the good. And after all, it is we who have hired them to fight, so to speak. The decisions are up to us, I should think."

The Gillingham Gipsy

Another amazing prediction of the Gillingham Gipsy has now come to light. Last month a Canadian soldier gave her a lift in his tank and when she gratefully asked if there was any little favour she could do in return for the transportation, he suggested a small burst of prophecy. The gipsy willingly consented, saying "I suppose you want to know when the war is going to end? All you men are alike." The soldier admitted that this was one of his more baffling problems. "Well," said the gipsy, "the war will end three months and three days and three hours and three minutes after you have given me a ride on your motor-bike." The soldier laughed, for he never imagined he would ever be riding a motor-bicycle, and he forgot the matter until last week, when he was issued a large American motor-bicycle and told to ride rapidly about Kent until further orders. He had not gone more than a few hundred miles before he ran into the Gipsy of Gillingham, and as she rose up over the handlebars and crossed his left shoulder she muttered "You see what I mean?" "I certainly gave her a ride," says the soldier, "so why should the rest not come true?"

Lovers

THEY talked about the war yet were not sad,
The grim and tragic things they did not say

But told the little jests of everyday;
She but a girl, he little more than lad
(Their courage was the only thing they had,

All else—and swiftly—had been swept away),

They talked about the war as veterans may

Who will be merry but can not be glad.

* * * * *
She to her post of duty must be gone,
He to his dangerous mission through the sky . . .

His bright eyes rest like birds her face upon,

Her eyes as lightly make as brave reply:
They kiss and part, and each goes gaily on . . .

For only happy lovers say good-bye.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"Good morning! I'm your local waste-paper salvage collector."



"Ah, poor little French village! I wonder what the Germans have done to you since."

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POSITIVELY DELICIOUS

Even in wartime you can give your guests a delicious treat. Here are some unusual sandwiches, flavoured with piquant Lemco, the original concentrated beef extract

WORCESTERSHIRE PASTE SANDWICHES

1 part Lemco
1 part Worcestershire sauce
Small cress or cucumber

Using knife blend the Lemco and sauce together well. Spread on one slice of lightly buttered bread. Straw with prepared and dried cress or with thin slice of unpeeled cucumber and complete the sandwich.

MUSTARD PASTE SANDWICHES

2 parts Lemco
1 part freshly made mustard
Lettuce or cucumber

The mustard should not be mixed too stiffly or the flavour will be too strong. Blend Lemco and mustard with a knife. Spread on lightly buttered bread. Cover with shredded lettuce or thin slices cucumber and complete the sandwich.

LEMCO SALAD SANDWICHES

Lemco Parsley
Tomato Salt & Pepper

Spread slices of bread and margarine thinly with Lemco. Skin the tomato, chop it roughly and mix with finely chopped fresh parsley. Add a shake of pepper and very little salt. Spread a layer of this on the prepared bread slices and complete the sandwich.

LEMCO AND WATERCRESS SANDWICHES

Spread Lemco thinly on slices of buttered bread. Wash, dry and chop some watercress. Sprinkle lightly with salt and arrange a layer between two slices of prepared bread, and this completes the sandwich.

You will appreciate just a taste of Lemco in your soups and stews.
Try it to-day.

LEMCO

—THE ORIGINAL—

Concentrated Beef Extract



PREPARED BY OXO LIMITED LONDON



They brought us
two evacuees
Mum smiled and just
said 'two more please'

She fairly takes the biscuit!

—and Weston **MAKES** the biscuit

What with the evacuees, and Dad's ARP, and the boys home on leave (besides parcels when they are away), Mum says that biscuits are indispensable.

Mum is always right—everyone finds in biscuits a food that satisfies many needs. In home, factory and office—on active service, in civil defence—nothing can replace biscuits.

Biscuits replace *other* foods. They are always ready, needing no additions, no preparation, no washing-up afterwards.

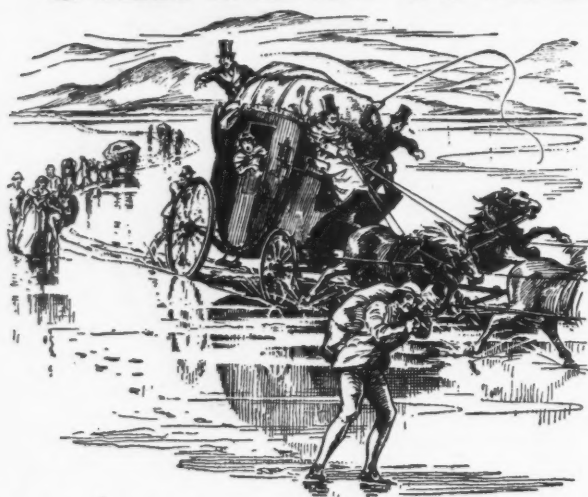
Biscuits are a concentrated energy-food, giving the sustaining, muscle-working power of pure wheat in very digestible form. Rely on biscuits—they serve your need.

WESTON

Biscuits

MADE BY THE LARGEST BISCUIT MAKERS IN THE EMPIRE

The OVER-SANDS COACH



THE Lancaster Sands crossing over the inner bight of Morecambe Bay is a famous, although perilous, short-cut between Lancaster, Furness and Ulverston. The distance between Hest Bank and Kent Bank is 11 miles of wet sandy waste, 12ft. under sea water at high tide. From 1785 to 1857 a coach ran between Ulverston and Lancaster daily across the sands, and was generally followed, in caravan, by a procession of carts and country vehicles, under pilotage of "The Carter," a local guide. Road Transport in early days bore the bulk of the Nation's inland commerce despite the perils of the way. To-day, modern roads and vehicles maintain direct service second to none in speed and reliability.

Buy 3% SAVINGS BONDS

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— by 'Sanitas'



..why Doctors and Nurses keep well

DOCTORS and Nurses are constantly coming into contact with disease. They are subject to germ-attack every day. Yet they keep well.

It is because they make such regular use of a good personal disinfectant. They wash their hands and rinse their mouth and throat regularly with disinfectant. *Thus they destroy the germs before these can "catch hold" and breed.*

Thousands of Doctors and Nurses use SANITAS.

It is the **SAFE PERSONAL DISINFECTANT**, and pleasant. Does not smart, burn or irritate. To-day, in this age of "crowds," regular use of SANITAS solution—as a wash, as a gargle—is more necessary than ever!

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ON REQUEST—Valuable War Memorandum on prevention and treatment of infectious diseases—Write (enclosing 1d. stamp) to
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a dunce's cap?

a steel tube?

the horn of a dilemma?

Sir Henry Wood's baton?

a tripod leg?

*one of Mr. Middleton's
dibbers?*

Those who said a Tripod Leg are right.
Those who said a Steel Tube are also
right. Steel Tubes when manipulated by
Accles & Pollock are liable to turn into anything
(including Tripod Legs). That's the simplicity of A. & P. work.
When you start with a steel tube the job is half done and
many expensive processes are cut out. So when the war is
done and you want a what'sit or a howderyerdo, just say
to **ACCLES & POLLOCK**

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"YOU wouldn't know the Park since the troops came," says Sidney the Squirrel. "Thump, bump, go the wheels all day. And half the nuts I pick up nowadays are not my kind of nut at all. But the drive keeps as smooth and tidy as ever. They did it with Colas, you see, a long time ago."



When peace returns to the Gardens of the world, there will be Colas products again to make paths and drives trim and durable.

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THE KITCHEN FRONT

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That is one of many processes in paint making. To most people paint is—just paint. Few realise the scientific control, accuracy and expertness involved in making paint that 'keeps on keeping on'—or how many different paints are needed to fit different surfaces and conditions. (Berger makes over 500 varieties—each for a particular purpose!)

When peacetime comes ask your decorator to use 'Berger' Paints on your home. (POMPEIAN save-a-coat enamel-paint and MAISONNE washable water-paint are favourite home brighteners)



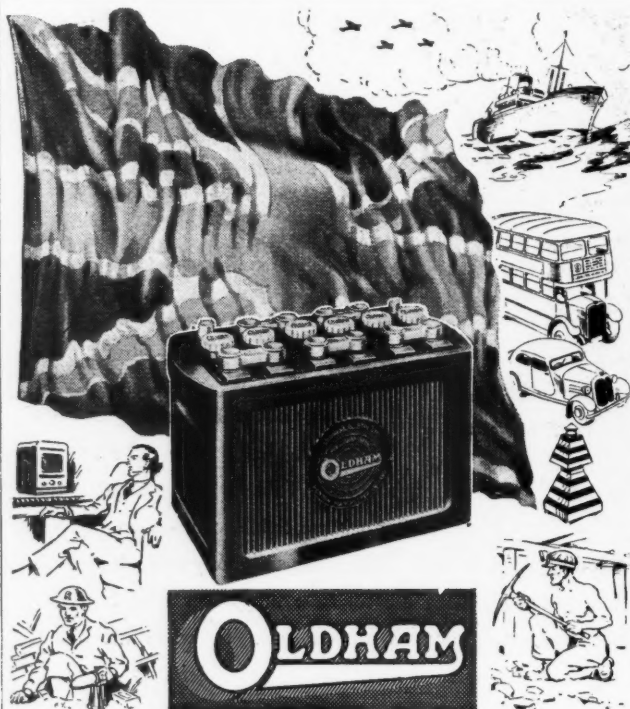
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Working in the Paint Industry's most modern laboratories are over a hundred Berger chemists and technicians—anxious to help you reduce your finishing costs and speed up your output. A word to Berger, London, E.9, 'phone AMHERST 3321 will bring a representative

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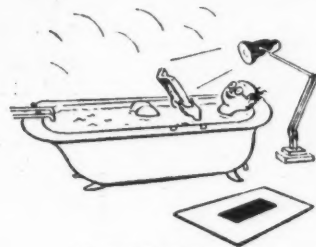
INDULGING his whimsy, our artist has actually and graphically illustrated the marvellous adjustable convenience of that modern lighting marvel, Terry's ANGLEPOISE LAMP.



THE GREAT THING



ABOUT THESE ANGLEPOISE LAMPS



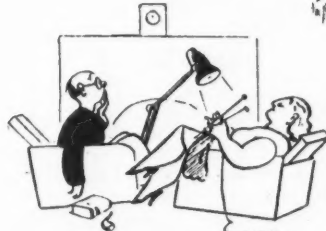
IS THAT ONE CAN ALWAYS



TAKE THE LIGHT



WHERE



IT IS NEEDED

Pat. all countries

ANGLEPOISE LAMPS—in the hands of those fortunate enough to possess them—are to-day playing their part in the fight for fuel through their low current demand. On sale when peace returns . . .

Sole Makers:

HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH.

London, Birmingham, Manchester.

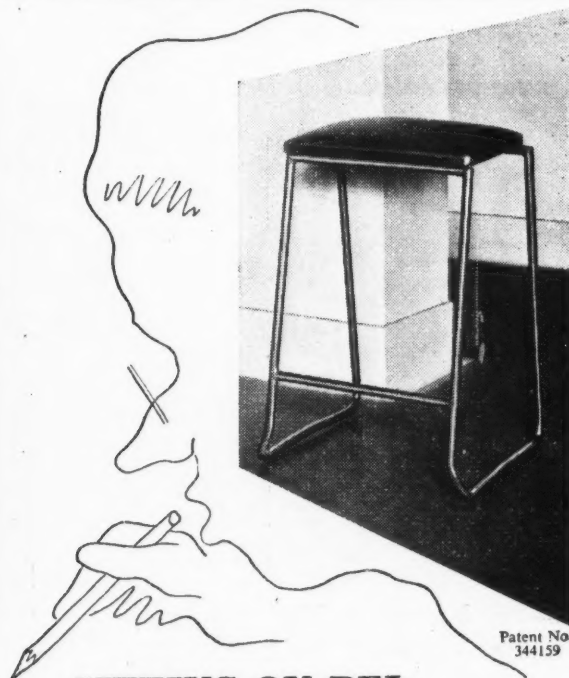
TERRY'S Anglepoise LAMP



There'll be no more "Fortune" Chocolates until after the war as Caley's have put all their chocolate into service dress!

Norwich Plain Chocolate, in blocks 2½d.

CALEY

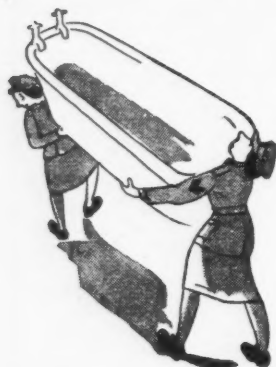


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TUBULAR STEEL DRAUGHTSMAN'S STOOL • PEL LTD • OLDBURY BIRMINGHAM



*take a bath
by all means...*



Consider your soap critically. Does it really cleanse? Does it protect your skin from stray infections? Does it leave you tingling with fitness and vigour? Take a bath . . .

but do take it with
WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

One tablet—one coupon

7½d. per tablet (purchase tax included)

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WE CHOSE **MURAC**
BEFORE THE WAR
..... THIS BEDROOM
COMES UP LIKE NEW!



How thankful are users for the quality and durability of Murac and Brolac . . . now that these paints cannot be made owing to the control of raw materials. The skill of our chemists and the high-grade materials that for long went into these paints are to-day in the service of our country! but when victory is won they will once more play their part in making a brighter, better Britain.

MURAC
FLAT FINISH FOR WALLS
BROLAC
DOUBLE PROTECTION PAINT
with the enamel finish.

John Hall & Sons (Bristol & London) Ltd.,
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Military Innovation

The rise of cigarette smoking in England can be traced back to the eighteen-fifties, when Army officers introduced the new fashion from abroad.



By the turn of the century, discriminating smokers had come to regard Rothmans of Pall Mall as 'headquarters' for choice, freshly blended cigarettes. Those who

lived out of Town began to send in regular orders through the post.

During the present war, the recent acute shortage of cigarettes revealed additional advantages in this personal supply system. As manufacturing tobacconists we were able to ensure that Rothman customers should still receive regular supplies. For unavoidable reasons, however, we were obliged temporarily to restrict the number of new customers for whom we could provide this specialised service.

With this experience in mind, we now offer a suggestion. Smokers wishing to assure themselves of a regular supply of high-grade cigarettes (or tobacco) are advised to make an early enquiry at a Rothman shop, or to write to Rothmans Ltd., Folio H 1, 5, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Rothman
OF PALL MALL
*the best-known tobacconist
in the world*



MEN of vision see in the clouded times of today the promise of a revitalized Britain in which one and all must make their contribution. A Central Planning Authority is envisaged in which the Architect, Engineer and Builder are to assume a vital role—that of providing the new Britain with what is, after all, the heart of our social structure; our workshops, offices and homes. And in this great work of reconstruction RUBEROID, which has proved such an effective solution to the urgent problems of to-day, will be ready and proud to play its specialised part.

ARCHITECTS,
ENGINEERS
AND BUILDERS
are invited to write
for Ruberoid Publica-
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THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

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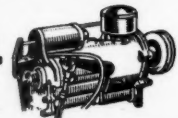
DOGS
always
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No more
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**Entirely
Automatic
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THE

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**Don't
let
Rats**
share your
Rations
GIVE THEM
RODINE

From all Chemists at 7½d. & 1/3



THE ENGLISH LANDSCAPE, so frequently degraded by human settlement, in the Cotswolds acquires from it an added charm. The Cotswolds cannot be copied, but they should serve as an inspiration. A wise use of modern materials and methods will mean an altogether different relationship between town, highway, countryside. Celotex, makers of wall-boards, look with enthusiasm to the time when they will again be able to concentrate upon the problems of peace-time living.

CELOTEX LIMITED
NORTH CIRCULAR RD., STONEBRIDGE PARK, N.W.10



What a boon, these wintry days! Think of the number of occasions a cosy wool **Clip-On-Rug** will take the chill off you—conserving your warmth in these times of Fuel Regulations. We are still marketing these useful Rugs, also Baby Carriage Rugs and some of those smart Motoluxe Coats.

But much to our regret the snug Motoluxe Rug—symbol of happy motoring days in the past, and happier motoring days to come—is now unobtainable on the home market.

Stocked by high-class shops throughout Great Britain. If any difficulty, write to manufacturers
LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD.
Queen Street Works, London, N.W.1

THIS PLAN WILL BRING YOU £400 A YEAR FOR LIFE FROM AGE 55

Most men have to provide for their own future. They have no rich relative to take the burden from their shoulders, and no business pension scheme to fall back upon. They stand or fall on their own efforts.

Are you satisfied with the progress you yourself are making? Have you saved anything like enough to justify a belief that at 55 years of age you will be in a position to take things more easily? What about your family should you, on whom they depend, be taken from them? The plan about to be explained, if adopted without further delay, will relieve you of all anxiety about the matter.

It is the best, the easiest and surest way of providing both for your own later years and for your dependants.

Assuming your age to be 35 and you would like to provide for a private income of £400 a year for life commencing at age 55, this is how the plan works out. You make monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly deposits of an agreed sum to the Sun Life of Canada, the great Annuity Company, and you get in return:—

£400 a Year for Life

At 55 years of age the Sun Life of Canada will start paying you an income for life of £400 per annum, and you'll receive this income every year as long as you live. Or, if you prefer it, you can have £5,875 plus profits in lieu of the pension.

Income Tax Saved

For every deposit you make you receive rebate of Income Tax—a concession which will save you a considerable sum during the period. This is additional profit on the transaction.

£3,300 for Your Family

Should you not live to the age of 55, £3,300, plus accumulated profits, will be paid to your family.

Any Age, Any Amount

Though 35 and £400 a year for life have been quoted here, the plan may be varied to suit other ages and to provide larger or smaller

incomes. Whatever amount you can save (from £1 a month) for your own and your family's future, this plan is the safest and most profitable you can adopt.

The Plan is Flexible

Supposing that after making deposits for two years or more you found yourself temporarily unable to continue, there is provision to help you. The Company would, in that event, automatically advance your overdue deposit and keep the plan in force, allowing you a certain time to bring your deposits up to date. The longer the plan has been in force the longer this time would be.

£204,000,000 Assets

The Sun Life of Canada has assets of over £204,000,000. It is the largest Company of the British Empire transacting Life Assurance solely. Do not hesitate, therefore, to send for particulars of this plan, which may mean great things for you and yours.

War Risk Cover available for Civilians, depending upon individual circumstances.

For fuller information write, stating exact date of birth, occupation, etc., to:

H. O. LEACH (General Manager for British Isles)

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA

(Incorporated in Canada in 1865 as a Limited Company)

22 Sun of Canada House, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1

PLEASE— something from your Jewel Case

A Diamond Ring, a Gold Watch, a Jewelled Bracelet—such gifts as these will be transformed into urgently needed medicines, surgical requirements and comforts for our sick, wounded and Prisoners of War. There will be Sales at regular intervals at Christie's in aid of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund. Gifts gratefully received by the Treasurer, Red Cross Sales, 17, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

RED CROSS + Sales

The above Fund is being raised on behalf of the War Organisation of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem registered under the War Charities Act 1940.

This space is devoted to the Red Cross by Beechams Pills Ltd.



Here is just the delicacy for invalids and convalescents

"OSBORN'S" Patum Peperium (The Gentleman's Relish) is the ideal savoury

for invalids, convalescents and the fastidious. On toast it is the table delicacy par excellence.

Osborn's PATUM PEPERIUM THE GENTLEMAN'S RELISH

Also ask for OSBORN'S Anchovy Paste, OSBORN'S Savoury Sauce and OSBORN'S Anchovy Specialties. Be sure you get OSBORN'S. Still supplied at pre-war prices. Obtainable from all the best Grocers, Stores, etc. Every endeavour will be made to meet all demands. We cannot supply direct to the public.

Send for FREE RECIPE BOOK to Dept. F.
C. OSBORN & CO. LTD., LONDON, N.16
(EST. 1828)

Welcome Always—
Keep it Handy

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

* Stocks still available but restricted

Made exclusively for Army Officers

Made to the highest possible standards, and cut from selected leathers throughout.

Supplies are strictly confined to Officers, as leathers can only be replaced by makers if P.O.F. form is signed at time of purchase.



Regulation Boot No. 7651.

Genuine Scotch Zebu Grain Derby, calf-lining to toe, half-bellows tongue, double soles, full medium toe, five and six fittings. Made on the flexible Goodyear Welted principle. 47/-

New

AVENUE QUALITY FOOTWEAR

for Civilian Wear

Made on the same comfortable shape as the New AVENUE Officers' Regulation Boots illustrated above.

M 2335 BLACK CALF 30/2
M 2336 BLACK GLACÉ 28/7
M 2334 BROWN CALF 30/2

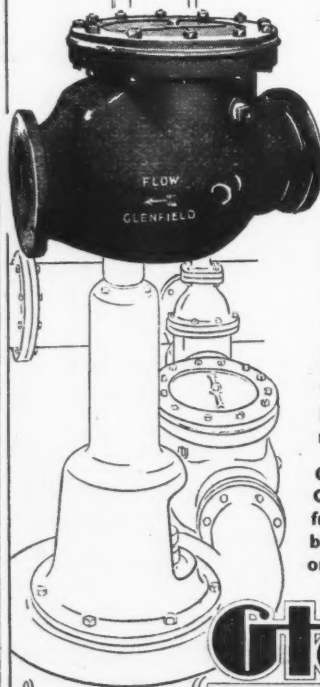
Government Approved Prices.

Name of nearest retailer sent on request to makers:—
E. C. GRAVESTOCK, LTD. • KETTERING



THE GLENFIELD RECOIL VALVE

FOR DIFFICULT REFLUX CONDITIONS



The Glenfield Recoil Valve is a non-return valve evolved and perfected by us for water systems in which reversals of flow can be too rapid to allow any standard reflux valve to be used.

Actual service in conditions of abnormal severity has fully proved that Glenfield Recoil Valves are silent in action. They neither mask nor conceal, but actually prevent, both slamming and water hammer.

Our technical publication, "The Glenfield Recoil Valve," gives full details. Copies may be had by responsible enquirers post free on application.

Glenfield

GLENFIELD AND KENNEDY LIMITED KILMARNOCK
HEAD OFFICE: KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

NEW NOW ON SALE AT YOUR CHEMISTS

Optabs EYE LOTION TABLETS

for the Preservation of sight and the Relief of Eye Strain

Eye Lotion in handy TABLET form

● A single Optabs Eye Lotion Tablet makes an eyebath full of soothing, stimulating, antiseptic eye lotion from ordinary tap water. Whenever your eyes feel tired or strained, use Optabs Eye Lotion Tablets. Your eyes will take on a new sparkle. will become clear and your sight grow stronger and keener.

10D.

3/4 AND 5/6

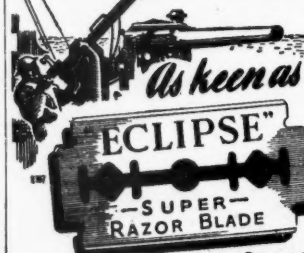
(Inc. Tax)

OPTABS LIMITED,
CHAPEL ST., BRADFORD

OBTAINABLE FROM QUALIFIED CHEMISTS ONLY



A.A. & SUBMARINE DEFENCE



3d. each

including Purchase Tax

Keep an alert eye open for Eclipse Blades—now made only in the popular slotted pattern. Their clean and comfortable shaving is even more appreciated now that supplies are so limited.

Obtainable only from retailers
JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD

Tri-ang TOYS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS L.B. LTD. London

For your Silverware
use only

Goddard's Plate Powder or Liquid Plate Polish

Vita-Weat

CUTS DOWN TRAVELLING

The Government has asked us all to travel less, and Vita-Weat is concerned in this just as much as the general public. So in future the makers of Vita-Weat will save transport, fuel and labour by confining distribution to the southern half of the country, from Norfolk in the east to Cardiganshire in the west. This means that large parts of Britain will no longer receive

supplies of this delicious and nourishing Crispbread. It is a sacrifice for us all—for the thousands of customers who buy it regularly, for the shopkeepers who sell it, and for Peek Frean, who make it. But Peek Frean feel sure that the public will accept the sacrifice as willingly as it was made—and remember that Vita-Weat is just one more pleasure to look forward to after the war.

Vita-Weat

REGD.

PEEK FREAN'S CRISPBREAD

Packets 1/6 • When loose 1/4 per lb.

Made by Peek Frean and Company Limited, Makers of Famous Biscuits

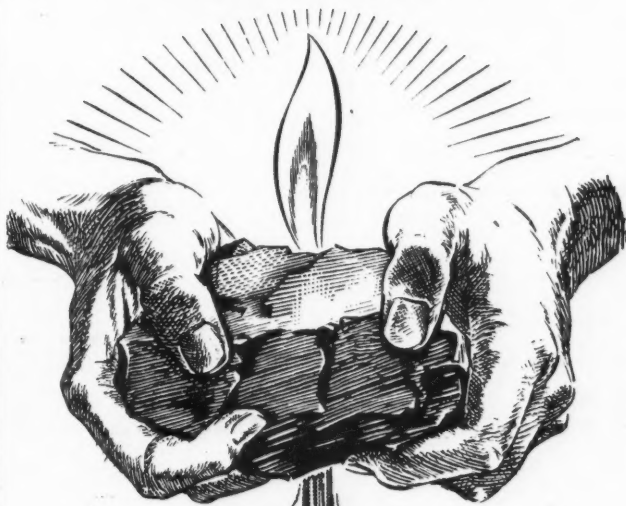
The SOLUTION OF THE CYCLE STORAGE PROBLEM

WRITE
for
CATALOGUE
P/201

CONSTRUCTORS CYCLE PARKS

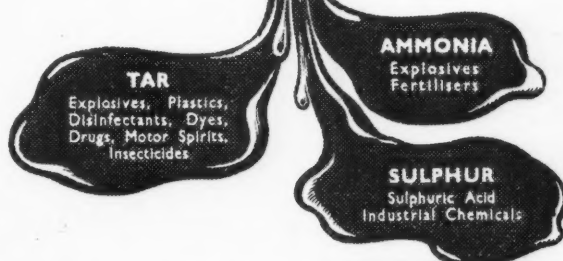
CONSTRUCTORS LIMITED
NICKEL WORKS TYBURN ROAD
ERDINGTON BIRMINGHAM

We squeeze to save -will YOU?



FROM every ton of coal used by the Gas Industry no less than half a ton of coke remains after gas is extracted. Not only coke, but many other essential materials are produced in making gas. Tar, for instance, from which more than 2,000 substances are derived; ammonia, source of explosives and fertilisers;

benzole for motor spirit; sulphur. We squeeze all there is out of the coal! Now gas and its precious by-products are urgently needed in the war factories. These needs can only be supplied if YOU economise to the utmost. So play your part in the Battle for Fuel—SAVE GAS AND SERVE THE NATION.



BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION, LONDON, S.W.1

(a)

RHEUMATISM

Rheumatism—however mild your symptoms—exact a merciless toll in pain and expense if not checked in time. Poisons and impurities in your system are usually the cause of rheumatic disorders. To get rid of these poisons, doctors recommend the drinking of mineral spa waters. But a visit to a spa involves time and expense that many people simply cannot afford these days.

'Alkia' Saltrates may be described as a spa treatment in your own home. It contains the essential curative qualities of seven world-famous springs and has the same beneficial effect on the system at a fraction of the cost and without the inconvenience of travelling to an actual spa. A teaspoonful of 'Alkia' Saltrates in warm water before breakfast each morning soon relieves pain. Taken regularly, this pleasant, effervescent drink dissolves impurities in the blood-stream and greatly assists the kidneys to eliminate them from the system, thus helping to prevent recurring attacks of rheumatism.

A bottle of 'Alkia' Saltrates costs 3/9 (inc. tax). Get one from your chemist to-day and begin your spa treatment to-morrow morning.

"EVERBRITE" RECHARGEABLE TORCH

recharged at home from your mains. No batteries required. Ideal for Black-out. Fully guaranteed. Thousands in use. Direct or from electrical dealers. Send for list "A."

"King of Pocket Lamps"

BUNBKEN ELECTRICAL PRODUCTS MANCHESTER



QUEEN ANNE

RARE SCOTCH WHISKY

IN THE
BETTER PLACES



By Appointment

Holders of Royal Appointment to successive Sovereigns since 1838

HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD
EDINBURGH. Est. 1793

Is this advertisement really necessary?

It may seem unnecessary to advertise a product which is so scarce in war time that you will seldom find it in the shops. But if this advertisement merely saves you from the disappointment which follows misunderstanding, it will have been well worth while.

"MORLANDS GLASTONBURY'S" ARE RARE for obvious reasons (how flying men appreciate the warmth of woolly sheepskin!); only a limited quantity of these sheepskin slippers and sheepskin-lined boots can now be made.

Please do not write to the makers. Your turn should come—if you have ordered. Distribution to retailers is being done fairly. Meantime, take all possible care of the Glastonburys you may have. Remember, they are for cold weather—not for rainy days. Don't "soak" them; don't "bake" them.



MORLANDS GLASTONBURY'S



A sheepskin slipper with soft leather sole and a cosy turnover top.



A wartime ladies' ankle boot—sheepskin lined. Warm, serviceable and neat.

MECCANO

AND

HORNBY TRAINS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST TOYS

We regret that we cannot supply these famous toys to-day, but they will be ready for you again after the war. In the meantime, if you are in any difficulties with your toys, write to

MECCANO LTD., BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13



TOFFEE OF THE BETTER KIND

BUY

Wilkin's CREMONA TOFFEE

Give it to the Children

WE ARE BUYERS OF SECOND-HAND JEWELS AND SILVER

WHY NOT SELL NOW
AND INVEST IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES?

James R.
Ogden
of London & Harrogate

42 DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES, S.W.1
38-40 JAMES STREET, HARROGATE

The popular British Cigar with the mild Havana flavour.

CARASADA INTERMEZZOS

Elegant shape
5 1/4 inches long,
as illustrated.

Box of
25 for 22/6

(6 other sizes available)

GREEN'S LTD.,
Cigar Importers,
37 & 38, Royal Exchange,
Cornhill, London, E.C.3

Cephus

The safe & certain remedy

FOR COLDS & FLU

WARDONIA BLADES

FIT ALL
3-PEG
RAZORS

FOR BETTER SHAVES

SMALL PACKET 1/6 LARGE PACKET 2/6
Plus Purchase Tax. Ask for them at N.A.A.F.I.

LAN-AIR-CEL

Cellular Blankets

are cherished possessions now and if you take care of them they'll last for many years. Owing to restrictions both Lan-Air-Cel and Lan-Air are scarce, but you can still find them at some of the Stores.

Sole Manufacturers:

McCALLUM & CRAIGIE, Ltd.,
WELLSHOT ROAD, SHETTLSTON, GLASGOW, E.2



Please be sparing with
ANGOSTURA

ANGOSTURA
BITTERS

254 A BRITISH EMPIRE PRODUCT

FROG
MODEL AEROPLANES

L.B.LTD. London



The Priceless Biscuit

It is an odd reflection that, if the 'points' be lacking, not all the wealth of Ophir will suffice to purchase a single Romary Biscuit. And in a topsy-turvy world, where the cost of excellence in the new currency of 'points' is no more than that of mediocrity, the best becomes more than ever desirable.

We, no less than you, regret that in some parts of the country wartime necessity makes it impossible for you to buy Romary Biscuits. To those more fortunately placed, we would say: Romary Biscuits are still the supreme example of the art of biscuit craftsmanship and today the need for 'points' lays an additional emphasis upon quality.

ROMARY'S 'Tunbridge Wells' Biscuits

(Registered Trade Mark)

RATTRAY'S OF PERTH

With the inherent fine qualities of Rattray's Tobaccos still maintained, their appeal to the discriminating smoker is greater than ever. As most of the good things of life are scarce, for the time being, it must follow that the demand for Rattray's Tobaccos exceeds the supply. Whatever supply you do get you can help everyone by making it last just a little longer



PERTH, SCOTLAND.

Horrockses

The Greatest Name in Cotton-

SHEETS · PILLOWCASES · TOWELS · FLANNELETTES
WINCETTES · DRESS GOODS · SHIRTINGS · ETC.

HORROCKSES, CREWSON & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON

For special needs and occasions

we are still making some stockings that do not come within the Utility specification. Production is strictly limited, but all supplies are distributed fairly among Aristoc dealers.

'RAYSTOC'
(Rayon)

'ARISTILE'
(Lisle)



UTILITY
(Rayon & Lisle)

Aristoc

THE ARISTOCRATS OF WARTIME STOCKINGS



Shaves for Life by a KROPP

No more shaving worries—if you use a KROPP Razor. The KROPP gives you a quick, clean shave, every day of your life. It's a craftsman's razor — British made from finest Sheffield steel.

Give one to your friend in the fighting forces.

14/-, including purchase tax. Of Hairdressers, Cutlers & Stores. Write for Booklet 160

OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1

A Norfolk War Medallist



THIS VITAL SERVICE MUST GO ON

The work of the Life-Boat Service must go on. Five times as many calls are being made on it now as in time of Peace.

Your contribution is more than ever needed. Send it to-day.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
LIFE-BOAT HOUSE
Boreham Wood, Herts.

The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer,
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITHE, O.B.E., Secretary.

MANUFACTURERS

OF

BRIGHT STEEL BARS

THE

HALESOWEN STEEL CO. LTD.

HALESOWEN,
NEAR
BIRMINGHAM.

64, VICTORIA STREET,
LONDON,
S.W.1.

KEEP YOUR FEET RIGHT AND HEAL ALL YOUR SKIN TROUBLES QUICKLY

HOMOCEA is the perfect OINTMENT prepared from those carefully selected ingredients which were prescribed by the CONSULTING CHEMISTS of our Great-grandfathers' time and fully endorsed by those of to-day.

HOMOCEA quickly penetrates and softens the skin. It heals little WOUNDS and SORES and assists more serious SKIN AFFECTIONS. MANY THOUSANDS of people all over the WORLD use HOMOCEA every day of their lives and gain immense comfort from the protection it gives them.

The man who shaves every morning and has a TENDER SKIN rubs a little HOMOCEA on his face the night before. And what a colossal amount of discomfort he saves himself!

The ATHLETE The GOLFER The CYCLIST The men (and women too) who have to walk to the Station every morning. The SOLDIER The MUNITION WORKER The POSTMAN The POLICEMAN. The WOMAN WHO HOLES HER STOCKINGS AT THE HEEL because of a bit of hard skin.

ALL THESE AND MANY MORE need HOMOCEA and they can try it and test it without any risk. See the guarantee on every package.

HOMOCEA will generally prevent MOSQUITOES or MIDGES or BEES biting you if you smear it on your skin. If you neglect to do this and get bitten HOMOCEA will quickly relieve the pain and heal the wound. See what Mr. W. Herrod-Hempall THE AUTHORITY ON BEE KEEPING says about HOMOCEA on page 50 of the BEE KEEPERS' GUIDE.

Buy a tin from your Chemist or Store. Use it for any SKIN TROUBLE you have, and, if you are not satisfied, return the carton to the makers and the full amount of your money will be refunded without question or quibble.

PLENTIFUL SUPPLIES ARE AVAILABLE AT THE CHEMISTS.

HOMOCEA

TOUCHES THE SPOT

LARGE TIN 1/6
FAMILY SIZE 3/6

THE HOMOCEA MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 46, ELWICK ROAD, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, &



It's CHAIRMAN:

And there is no finer pipe tobacco. In its smoking coolness, in the peculiar charm of its aroma and in its richness of flavour there is no tobacco like it. It gives to the smoker a new delight in his pipe—a pleasure hitherto undreamed of. Economical too—six hours of delightful smoking to every ounce.

Chairman Tobacco

Three strengths: CHAIRMAN, medium-BOARDMAN'S, mild; RECORDER, full. 25d. per oz. From tobaccoists. Made by the successors to R. J. Lea, Ltd.

© 38

PETROLE HAHN

For the Hair

A perfect dressing and a sovereign specific against falling hair, scurf and dandruff. Promotes hair growth. Invigorates the scalp. Non-inflammable.

4/4 & 6/6

PER BOTTLE (Including Increased Tax)
Limited stocks on sale at good-class Hairdressers and Chemists.

Barling PIPE CRAFT



BRITISH MADE

Index of Sizes clearly marked on stem.

Under present conditions it is impossible to meet all demands, and users of Barling Pipes should, therefore, take great care of their present ones. When obtainable, prices are:

	S.S.	S-M.	L.	E.L.
Standard & Sandblast	10/6	13/6	16/6	20/-
Ye Olde Wood	S.S.	S-M.	L.	E.L.
Selected Grains	15/6	18/6	21/6	25/-

B. BARLING & SONS, LONDON, N.W.1 (Est. 1812). "Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"

GAS COOKERS

are proving themselves to have been a wise choice



The Name
VENUS
Still stands for
Quality in Pencils

In wars of olden days, Venus—goddess of love—became known as Victrix or Victory. Thus did the ancient Romans transform their symbol of perfection—just as we do today. Despite wartime control of supply and manufacture, the new 'Utility' and 'War Drawing' pencils produced by Venus conform to the highest possible standard of quality.

The Venus Pencil Co. Ltd., Lower Clapton Road, London, E.5

Gets Gibbs



SHAVING STICKS

Next time you need a Shaving Stick—just try Gibbs. You will notice that Gibbs *does* give a smoother shave; and leaves your face comfortable. The packs may change, but the high standard of quality of the goods will be maintained.

Prices from 7½d to 1/3d
including Purchase Tax

GS 78G

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.1

An engineering firm,

now fully occupied, is looking for future manufacturing opportunities that would provide for the post-war employment of its operatives, approaching one thousand in number. Contact is therefore sought with manufacturers or merchants who anticipate that they may later on need quantity supplies either of parts or finished products to their own specification. (As an example, a manufacturing arrangement has already been made with one section of the motor industry.) To a thoroughly modern outlook and a knack of getting things right in spite of obstacles, advertisers add first-rate facilities for, and experience of, multiple production in steel, light alloys, etc., ranging from simple machining, welding, press work, etc., to the complete manufacture to specification of large assemblies hydraulically and electrically operated. Replies, which will be treated in strict confidence, should be addressed to:

The Advertisers,
c/o F. G. ALLEN, SONS & BLAKE,
Solicitors,
15, Landport Terrace, Portsmouth.

TAS/JE.1

Celanese
TRADE MARK
still means
Quality

Good quality fabric, good wear, good washing quality... You can be quite sure of all when you see the brand mark 'Celanese'. Though it may not be easy to find, you secure excellent Coupon Value when what you buy is marked 'Celanese'.

'SANATOGEN'
REGD. TRADE MARK

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

DIVERSION

We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country *must* come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Sanatogen' and 'Genasprin'.

'Genasprin'
REGD. TRADE MARK

KILLS PAIN QUICKLY—
TIME IT!

G.147

PROGRESS IN PLASTICS

In recent years there has been great development in the plastics industry. Were it not for the tremendous strides made in peace-time, much of the war effort would not be possible, particularly in aircraft production. When peace returns plastics will play an ever-increasing part in the needs of mankind. In the meantime, if a job crops up—will you discuss it with us?

SOUPLEX

SOUPLEX LTD., MORECAMBE, LANCs.

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE LIMITED

To SOUTH AMERICA

Regular Cargo Service between
**UNITED KINGDOM, BRAZIL &
RIVER PLATE**

Regular Cargo and Passenger Service also operates
between New York, Brazil and the River Plate.

For particulars apply:—

Royal Liver Building, Liverpool, 3 (Tel.: ADVance 7431/5); 85 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3 (Tel.: Mansion House 7533); or Agents.

Unusually good—
**Uniforms by
Maenson**
(MAY & SONS)

For all the Services
... Wherever you
are stationed, one of
the leading men's
shops is a Maenson
Agent. Name on
request.

JOSEPH MAY & SONS LTD.
106 Regent St. London W.1. Tel. Reg. 2404

OLD BLEACH

household and embroidery

LINENS
★ and ★
FURNISHING
FABRICS

THE OLD BLEACH LINEN CO. LTD.
RANDALSTOWN, NORTHERN IRELAND



Kiddies are fine judges of what's good and what tastes good. That's why OXO is such a firm family favourite. As a delicious, beefy beverage or a nourishing addition to the stock-pot, OXO is a grand standby in the wartime larder.



Of special value for
growing children



BEAR BRAND HONEY



THE
PREMIER BRAND
Honey is rationed
with all preserves
and distribution is
accordingly limited.
We ask you not to
be disappointed if it
is difficult to obtain.

L. GARVIN & Co. Ltd.
Branch: The Bear Honey Co.
Ltd., Isleworth, Middlesex.

There are still limited supplies of
Young's Morecambe Shrimps—
freshly peeled—spiced—cooked.
1 Beauchamp Place, London, S.W.1
and at Morecambe. No post
orders.

YOUNG'S
Morecambe **SHRIMPS**



Pedigree

PRAMS & FOLDERS

All the best babies have them

L.B. LTD. London

EPHEDROL

RELIEVES COLDS
AND CATARRH

A "sniff" at bedtime
clears the nasal passages

Chemists, 1/6 & 3/4 (including
Purchase Tax), or post-free from
CLAY & ABRAHAM LTD.
LIVERPOOL. Est. 1813.



C.E.80

A point about
a Blunt
Tapered Pin

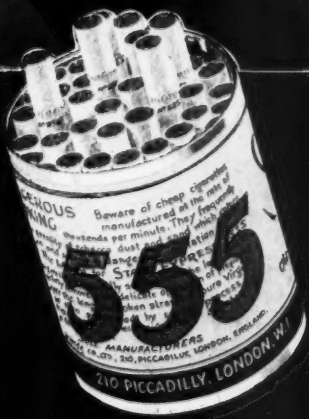
Pins for industry pro-
duced by STEAD, are
precision made and
finished to perfection.
Pins for any trade can
be made—by STEAD.

Telephone: Sheffield 22283

J. STEAD & CO. LTD. SHEFFIELD 2



as always—
a quality product



Britain delivers the Goods

STATE EXPRESS
555





The Cambridge Crew of 1910 with a Daimler Car.

Daimlers both—and though to our eyes the relationship of the 1939 model to the car of 1910 seems very much that of the swan to the ugly duckling, in fact both were leaders in the motor world of their day.

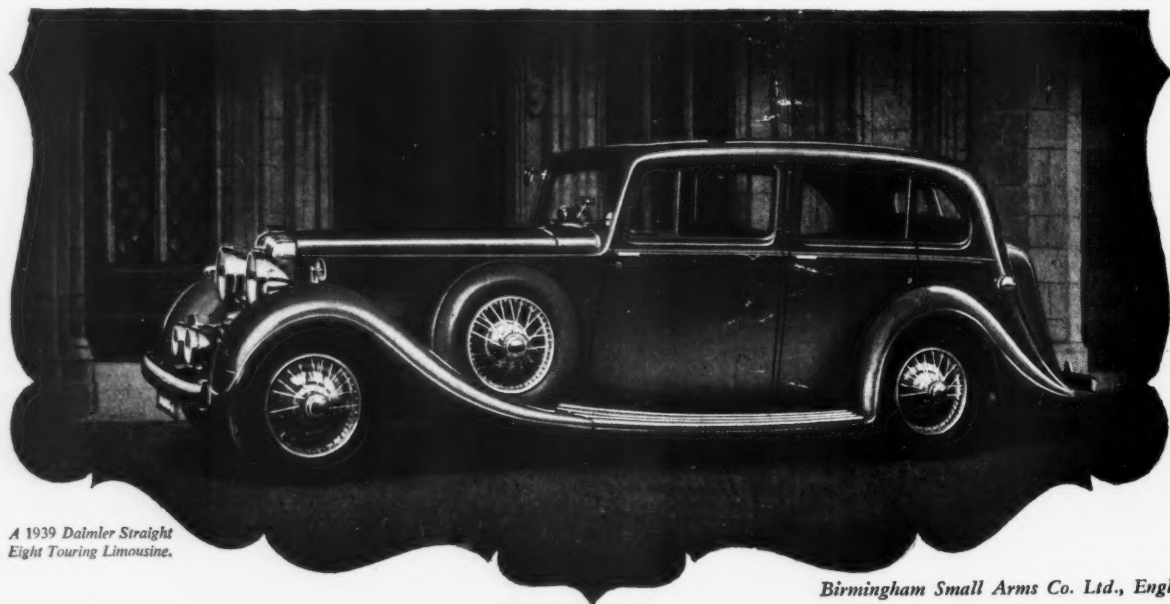
Decisive contributions to motoring development were also made by Lanchester and B.S.A.; while to millions of cyclists and motor-cyclists B.S.A. is the standard for perfection and value.

Three worthy associates indeed—and a threefold promise to the post-war world.

Daimler

BSA

LANCHESTER



*A 1939 Daimler Straight
Eight Touring Limousine.*

Birmingham Small Arms Co. Ltd., England.

